

VOL. XXIV.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 3, 1892.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

High's**Silks! Silks! Silks!****BEFORE AND AFTER**

Two good words to attract your attention to what we did just before stock taking, and immediately thereafter. We can hardly tell you just what we did before, yet, to see what has followed since that semi-annual event, is cause so attractive that, to mid-summer shoppers, it will prove a revelation in

Wonderful Silk Bargains

'Tis not what we make, nor is it what we lose, 'tis how many yards we can dispose of, at any price, during July.

HERE THEY ARE

10 patterns extra fine visiting and dinner Silk Suits, which were \$48.50 a pattern, tomorrow \$22.50.

16 patterns extra fine street and reception Silk Suits, that were \$48.50 per pattern, tomorrow \$10.13 patterns lovely Silk Costumes, the correct thing for any occasion, that were \$37.50 per pattern, now, tomorrow, will be \$17.50.

20 pieces black China Silks, worth 75c, are offered at 50c yard.

18 pieces of the regular 80c black Chinas will be sold at 50c yard.

Every yard of our Wash Silks at 65c.

The \$1 black ground colored figured Chinas at 39c. Look at them.

21 pieces Changeable Silks, pretty styles, high grade novelties, exactly those which you saw early in the season at \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2 per yard, all combined into a most wonderful bargain and sold tomorrow at 75c yard.

Now, if you have a yard, or a dress pattern, in Silks to purchase tomorrow, we warn you that to stray elsewhere will be an error. Our great cut in prices is a safe guarantee that your trade is ours.

Woolen Dress Goods

It will pay you to buy now and lay aside, if you want Woolen Dress Goods at a sacrifice.

Odds and ends of Dress Goods, containing 2 to 8 yards, we offer at 25c on the dollar.

All of our French Challies, that were 65c and 75c, now 40c and 50c a yard.

French Batistes, that are popular all over town at 35c, to close at 15c a yard.

French Outings, were 50c, now 22 1/2c.

Black Goods

We are clearing up the accumulations of a very busy Spring trade. Large sales always leave a great many ends. Tomorrow we offer you:

59 lengths of fine Black Goods, comprising all the well-known weaves, and containing from 5 to 8 yards, at exactly one-half price. See them.

Priestley's black silk warp Henrietta, reduced from \$1.39 to 98c a yard.

J.M. HIGH & Co.

IMPORTERS.

High's**HOSIERY.**

200 dozen Ladies' lightweight fast black Hose, 40c kind, at 25c.
100 dozen Gents' half Hose, light and medium weight, fast black, 40c grade at 25c.
Misses' very fine light weight plain fast black Hose at 25c, worth 40c.

150 dozen Boys' summer weight fine ribbed double heel, toe and knee, fast black Hose, 40c kind, at 25c a pair.

LINENS.

Housekeepers should take advantage of the reductions made in our Linens.

\$1.50 grade of double Satin bleached Table Damask, now 98c.

\$1.25 bleached Damask, 70 inches wide, to go at 75c.

100 12-4 White Spreads, at 98c, worth \$1.50.

200 dozen large size double Huck Towels, size 22x40, never offered before for less than 25c, Monday 15c each.

Special cut prices on all Stamped Goods, Tidies, etc.

GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

Gents' French Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, worth 85c a garment, now 45c.

Gents' bleached Drill Drawers, custom made, with stockinet ankles, \$1 value, 50c.

200 dozen of a very fine Pique bosoms, truly worth \$1, special Monday at 50c.

Gents' full dress Embroidered Bosom Laundered Shirts, worth \$1.75, now 89c.

Negligee Shirts in Madras and Cheviot, \$2 each would be the profit price, to close them out at once, 98c each.

WASH DRESS GOODS.

7,000 yards Batiscan Cords, in light, medium and dark shades, this entire lot to go at 5c a yard.

3,250 yards best Prints to close out at 5c a yard.

5,000 yards fine American Gingham was 10c; Monday only 5 1/2c a yard.

6,500 yards figured Crepon choice styles, only 7 1/2c a yard.

10,000 yards short lengths in Gingham to be closed out Monday at half price.

7,250 yards fine French Batiste was 15c, Monday while they last only 10c a yard.

We will close our entire stock of fine Gingham at New York cost, don't fail to see them.

Notion Department.

2,000 Japanese Folding Fans, 25c grade only 7c now.

All of our 50c, 75c and \$1 Belts offered in one lot at 39c each.



This wonderful Complexion Soap increases in popularity every day. Truly a 25c value, Mondays and Fridays 10c a cake.

J.M. HIGH & Co.

IMPORTERS.

High's**WHITE GOODS.**

Remnants of good check Nainsook, 12 1/2c value, 2 to 10 yard lengths, 5c a yard.

5,000 yards White India Linen Plaids, as good as any 15c goods in the market, 7 1/2c buys them now.

50c grade of Dotted Swisses, all styles, 33c a yard.

PARASOLS!

We will make a clean sweep of all of our fine Parasols tomorrow.

Parasols that are worth from \$5 to \$9, tomorrow to close at \$2 each.

UMBRELLAS!

200 Gloria Silk Umbrellas, natural wood handles, worth \$1.75, Monday, 98c each.

BLAZER SUITS!

A delayed shipment brings us some very fine Blazer Suits, which, if we had secured a little earlier would have been worth \$25, now they go at \$15.

1 lot of Blazer jackets, reduced from \$5 to \$2.50 each.

Ladies' laundered White Waists at 33c, worth 75c.

Bathing Suits reduced from \$4.50 to \$2.75 each.

Ladies' black Satine Waists, worth \$1.50, now 65c each.

Outing Suits that were \$4.50, now \$1.75.

SHOES!

Going through our stock, we have picked out all of our fine ladies' Shoes in summer weights, that were \$4 and \$5 and placed them in one grand lot at \$2.40 a pair.

Oxfords for ladies and misses at a big cut.

We sell the best men's Shoe in America for \$5.

A few more of those popular patent leather Shoes for gentlemen at \$2.75, worth \$6.

CARPETS!**—AND—****DRAPERIES!**

We have finished taking inventory and have many short lengths of Carpets which we will offer Monday at half cost.

Many of these have borders to match and make desirable center rugs. Be sure to see them.

In our Curtain Department there are many one and two-pair lots which we will close at any reasonable price.

In our regular line of Carpets and Curtains we have made prices to close them that will interest you.

A lovely line of Parlor Goods in Axminsters and Moquettes will be offered at a sacrifice to make room for our fall stock.

Body Brussels and Tapestries will go at a big cut.

Ingrains we will offer at 25 per cent less than fall prices.

Mattings must go to make room for other goods. Price them. A beautiful line of patterns to select from.

Rugs are offered at nearly half price.

Shades in great variety and style at prices to sell.

J.M. HIGH & Co.

IMPORTERS.

**OLVE THIS PUZZLE AND RECEIVE A PRIZE****FIND YOUR WIFE AND FUTURE MOTHER-IN-LAW.**

Any one solving this puzzle and sending us 9 cents in postage stamps will receive a fine coin purse. Send us 15 cents in postage stamps we will send you an elegant card case. Send us 19 cents in postage stamps and we will send you a beautiful morocco pocketbook. Send us \$3 in currency and we will send you a 36-inch zinc Saratoga trunk. Send us \$8 in currency and we will send you our 210 double hat box leather Saratoga trunk. Send us \$9 and receive our fine \$15 Bridal trunk. This offer holds good for 30 days only. Apply at once to the lending trunk and bag house of the south.

ATLANTA TRUNK FACTORY,
LIEBERMAN & KAUFMANN,
92 Whitehall Street.

The Alaska**Refrigerator.****FACTS WORTH CONSIDERING**

The qualities sought for in the refrigerator are preservation of Perishable Food and Economical Use of Ice. The economical use of ice depends entirely upon the principle involved, the construction of the refrigerator, and in utilizing all the cold air.

Dry atmosphere and uniform temperature can be obtained only by a perfect circulation of the air in the refrigerator, and its condensation in the ice chamber.

The Alaska is constructed upon strictly scientific principles, by which low temperature and dryness of air are naturally and inevitably obtained.

The Alaska possesses a provision chamber free from color.

The Alaska produces better results with less ice than any other refrigerator.

The Alaska is a dry refrigerator, and the best one ever patented.

DORR, WELCH & CO.,
61 Peachtree Street.

Books and accounts examined, checked up and posted; statements and trial balances prepared; partnership and other settlements made. Office 61-2 North Broad street, Atlanta, Ga. June 29-30

FINANCIAL.

BONDS WANTED
Total issues of CITIES, COUNTIES, SCHOOL DISTRICTS, WATER COMPANIES, ST. R.R. COMPANIES, etc.

Correspondence solicited.
N.W. HARRIS & COMPANY, Bankers,
163-165 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO.
18 West Street, NEW YORK.
70 State St., BOSTON.

April 14-15-16 Tues. Thurs. Fri. financial reports.

DARWIN G. JONES
41 Broad, Cor. Alabama St., Atlanta, Ga.
STOCKS, BONDS, LOANS,
INVESTMENT SECURITIES.

Correspondence invited in regard to all kinds of southern investments.

John W. Dickey,
Stock and Bond Broker,
AUGUSTA, GA.

Correspondence Invited.

W. H. PATTERSON,
Dealer in Investment Securities

55 East Alabama Street,
Room 7, Gate City Bank Building

TO CAPITALISTS!
ATLANTA MORTGAGES.

Offering 1 per cent semi-annual interest,
secured by choice city real estate.
On hand for sale.

Full information furnished on request.
BARKER & HOLLMAN,
Office 20, 21 and 22 Gould Building.

HUMPHREYS CASTLEMAN
19 E. ALABAMA STREET,
Dealers in Bonds and Stocks.

The Ryan Co.

Grand 4th of July celebration of new and seasonable goods recently purchased at the large forced sales in New York City, and all of which are marked and will be sold at prices which no Dry Goods house on earth can equal.

Come early tomorrow morning and take your choice of

1,800 yards double width fancy Polka Dot Lace Bunting at 5c yard, worth 20c.
2,400 yards fine Dress Gingham at 5c yard, worth 10c.
2,100 yards fine Colored Challis, beautiful patterns, 5c yard, worth 12 1/2c.
1,750 yards fancy check Outing Flannels at 5c yard, worth 12 1/2c.
1,750 yards fancy striped Domet Flannels at 5c yard, worth 12 1/2c.
2,400 yards fancy colored P. K. at 5c yard, worth 12 1/2c.
1,900 yards nice quality Figured Lawn at 5c yard.
2 cases fancy cotton Bedford Cords at 4c, worth 15c.
3 cases fancy stripes and figured Persian Lawns at 10c, worth 20c.
2,400 yards fancy Colored Mulls at 8 1/2c, worth 20c.
1 case yard-wide Bleaching at 5c yard, worth 8c.
2,000 yards yard-wide, good quality Sea Island at 4 1/2c, worth 7c.
1,000 yards excellent quality, new patterns Wool Challis at 15c yard, worth 20c.
2 cases ladies' and children's fast black Ribbed Hose, only 8c pair.
1,000 yards extra sheer White Plaid India Linen at 7 1/2c yard, worth 20c.
1,500 yards Satin Check White Nainsook at 7 1/2c, worth 15c.
1 case extra quality Black India Linen at 7 1/2c, worth 20c.
50 pieces French Batiste Cloths at 25c yard, worth 50c yard.
100 pieces White Checked Nainsook at 5c yard, worth 10c.
100 dozen large size Linen Towels at 12 1/2 each, worth 20c.
115 pieces Batiscan Dress Goods at 7c yard, worth 12 1/2c.
68 pieces Crepe Savore Dress Goods, only 5c yard.

Ladies' and Gents' Summer Underwear
Far Below the Cost of Manufacture.

126 dozen gents' fine Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers at 25c each, 40c value.
119 dozen gents' solid colors Shirts and Drawers at 25c each, 50c value.
64 dozen gents' Gray Egyptian Cotton Shirts at 25c each, worth 60c.
136 dozen gents' White "Gauze Shirts" at 25c each.
114 dozen gents' Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers at 35c each, worth 60c.
48 dozen gents' extra fine quality Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers at 50c each, worth 75c.

A SPECIAL LEADER!

186 dozen Men's Genuine French Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, fast black, color guaranteed, worth \$2.50 a Suit; our price tomorrow 98c Suit, or 49c each. Greatest bargain in the world.

64 dozen ladies' White Ribbed Vests, only 12 1/2c each, worth 25c.

82 dozen ladies' extra quality Ribbed Vests at 25c each, worth 75c.

114 dozen ladies' Gauze Vests, long sleeves at 25c each, worth 60c.

The above are all new goods just received, and we are selling them at less than one-half their value.

200 dozen gents' unlaundersed Shirts, double reinforced bosoms. Wamsutta Muslin, only 45c each, worth 75c.

500 dozen gents' Suspenders at 10c pair, worth from 35c to 75c.

200 dozen boys' Percelle Waists, only 20c each.

140 dozen ladies' Waists only 50c each.

69 dozen ladies' Blazer Jackets, only \$2.25, worth \$5.

300 dozen gents' full regular-made seamless British Socks at 12 1/2c pair, worth 25c.

Gents' Night Shirts at 50c each, worth \$1.

Men's, Youths' and Children's Clothing.

3,000 Suits at \$10 a Suit, sold during the past week. How is that for a record? You have no idea of the extensiveness of our stock of Summer Clothing.

Office Coats and Vests, beauties, at \$3.
Black Alpaca Coats, good quality, at \$1.50.
Mohair, and Alpaca Coats and Vests, at \$2.50 and \$3.75.
Mohair Alpaca, Brilliantine Coats and Vests, at \$5.
The ideal dressy garment and good enough for dress.

BOYS' KNEE PANTS, 35C.

The most elegant line of Imported Scotchies, Cassimeres and Worsteds, former price \$20. We will continue to sell for the coming week at \$10.

PANTS. PANTS. PANTS

A complete line of Gentlemen's Pants at \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50, \$3 and \$5.50. These goods are worth double the money asked.

THE RYAN CO.

ARP ABROAD.

The Georgia Philosopher Visiting in Louisiana.

THE GOOD THAT WAS DONE

By the Men Who Worked and Fought Against the Abominable Lottery.

Louisiana is making progress—progress in education and good morals. At a moment when millions of dollars are being rejected the tempting offer made by the lottery company for a change of their charter. North Louisiana did it. The yeomanry of the hill country were marshaled for the fight by good men in the towns and villages and they carried everything like a cyclone. There has not been such excitement there since the war. There has never been such masterly eloquence on the hustings and never did the people come together with such unanimity on any issue as they did on this. White and black, democrats and republicans, rich and poor all voted together this time and they have redeemed the state from the power of the octopus. I have been to Houston again, where the state educational convention was held, and there I heard all about the great lottery canvases, and who were in it, and how it was managed, and how it absorbed everybody and everything. There was enough anti-lottery eloquence to make a book—a book of speeches for the school boys and college boys to quote from. Dr. Palmer gave them a start last fall and it inspired orators all over the state.

Houston is a charming little town of 2,000 people, nearly all white. It is a brand new town and quite select. They don't exactly vote on applications for citizenship, but a bad man is blackballed, all the same, and can't get a state's license. There are no rich people and no poor people, and everybody works, and everybody seems happy, and everybody goes to church when Sunday comes. There is no gambling, no rowdyism, no gambling dens, no rowdyism. They have the best of schools, and besides have the elevating, refining influences of the chautauque and the lyceum. Distinguished college professors deliver lectures on science and art, and these are open to discussion. Women from the schools take a womanly part in the proceedings, and pretty girls, with their graduating blouses tucked upon them, make recitations and sing songs and make instrumental music at intervals as a dessert to the intellectual feast. I found it possible for a scientist to entertain his audience for an hour upon the "Mosquito," and with respect for the little contemptible insect has greatly enlarged since I made his more intimate acquaintance. If the learned professor could make so much out of a mosquito, what would he do with an elephant or with Mt. Vesuvius? A young girl with a pretty mouth and an alabaster throat, who had been blind from birth, was blind, and yet there was no strain, no puckering, no distortion—the music just seemed to whistle itself.

Fulton is in the hill country and is high and dry, and very much like middle Georgia in general appearance and in climate and productions. In going there from Vidalia, you soon reach the overwooded region, and then for thirty miles the road bed is nearly all the dry land in sight. In many places the iron rails seem to be resting on the water's surface. Water, water everywhere, as far as the eye can see. This water comes from the crevasses and it has submerged hundreds of square miles and ruined the crops of thousands of farmers. It was rumormongered that a traveling companion said to me: "How do you people manage to make a living on these soggy hills in Georgia? It looked to me like they would perish to death. Why don't they cut loose and come out here where they can make something?"

"My friend," said I, "our hills are poor, but just before I left home we were trying to get up a town meeting to raise some money to scourge these hills in Georgia. It looked to me like they would perish to death. Why don't they cut loose and come out here where they can make something?"

He admitted that it was pretty bad this year, but declared that they could afford to lose one crop in one year. He had a visitor from the sugar cane region who told me that it was a pity these hard-working farmers in the poor hill country of north Louisiana didn't have a few acres of good sugar cane land in Georgia. And so it goes, and here I am at home again in north Georgia ready to make oath that this is the best all-around region in North America. And I can prove it by my preacher, who has just returned from Oregon. There is something like gravity or magnetism that draws people to their homes and keeps them there. There is a good trait and engenders patriotism and binds communities together. Patriotism begins at home by the fire-side, from there it spreads to the mill, to the workshop, to the factory, to the country in which we live; then it broadens to the state, and last of all, stretches wide its arms and takes the nation in its embrace.

There is right smart politics in Louisiana, and the third party seems to be making converts. A friend told me that I must not be surprised to hear that he had joined the boys in their determination to purify political methods. "I have not joined yet," he said, "but I may, for it is the coming power, and a young man must keep in the line of promotion. That seems to be the way to purify. Politics in the last analysis is office. But when we have tried a man once and he has proved himself we ought to stick to him. He may not be able to elect Mr. Cleveland, but I should think a southern man would feel mean if he didn't try to. I asked Uncle Sam if he was going into the third party and he said: 'No sir, no sir. It is too old to be swappin' horses. Mr. Harrison good enough for me. Then third party folks done walked off, I reckon.'"

"Walked off how?" said I. "Why, walk back yander, sir, when old Massa make him make a heap of 'em of all colors. He make 'em all colors, and sot 'em up in de fence corner to dry. Den when dey all got dry He go back over de line to give 'em brains and He found dat some of 'em had walked off. Dat's what dey tell me."

Two laboring men boarded our train at Fort Payne, going back to Ohio, and they cursed our country and our people all the way to Chattanooga because we hired a negro in preference to a white man. "The d—n black African, they called him; and they d—d the republican party for taking for the nigger and the democratic party for taking up for these d—d rebels, and there was no party at all for the laboring man unless he went into the third party and took the scraps of it." "We were promised \$6 a week," they said, "and in less than a month they cut us down to five and then to four, and it is all because of the infernal nigger."

It looks like the world is getting too full of people. Our government has shut the gates against the Chinese and Oklahoma has put up the bar against the negro, and there's too little silver and not enough of aces and everybody wants something they haven't got, and there is more devilment going on in the country and mingling with the way it looks when a man reads the newspapers. That's where all the fuss and commotion comes from, but when he gets away out in the country and mingling with the humble people and sees peace and plenty around the comfortable farmer's home he is reassured and feels that the nation still is safe. A few days ago I was a welcome guest in a family where there were children, and grandchildren, and sons-in-law, and daughters-in-law, and all were happy and loving and kind and the old patriarch opened the family Bible every morning and devoutly said, "Let us worship God and ask His blessings upon us." These are the kind of people who strengthen the government and give confidence to patriots. They never "walked off," but waited for brains and a spark of the Creator's divinity.

WHERE SHALL WE EDUCATE OUR DAUGHTERS?

An Important Question to Parents Intelligently Answered.

This important question is now uppermost in the minds of many parents, and on a correct answer may depend the intellectual, moral and physical welfare of our daughters.

In deciding upon a proper place to send them each of these phases of the question should be well considered, and the question decided only after considering all three together.

The most thorough and careful development of the intellectual faculties, with careful neglect of the moral, is worse than a lack of cultivation, or the most painstaking development of both mind and heart, and the neglect of the body, involving perhaps, impairment of health, may mean time and money wasted, and what is worse, a ruined constitution and suffering for life.

True culture, or a complete education, therefore, means the thorough training and development of intellect, soul and body; any system that cultivates one to the neglect of the other two, or any two to the neglect of either, is an imperfect system.

Many parents seem to think a complete education can be had only by going a long distance, or by paying a high price for it. They seem to think that the south is without good schools and that true culture can be obtained only in the schools of the north or east, and in seeking these schools they frequently place their daughters either so far from home and so far out of reach that they cannot give to their education or progress any personal oversight, or thoughtlessly send them to be exposed to the severities of a winter climate more rigorous than that in which they have grown up, frequently thus endangering health.

Sometimes parents even choose schools for no other reason than that they are fashionable, losing sight of the all important fact that it is training of the mind, inculcation of moral principles and development of healthy growth of body, all on parallel lines, that constitute true culture.

These are mistaken ideas. There are in the south many schools equally as deserving, and offering equal advantages under more favorable circumstances, than those in the north.

Foremost among these is the Agnes Scott Institute, located at Decatur, just six miles from Atlanta. The faculty of this institution is large, has been selected with much care, and is beyond question surpassed by none in the south. Every member of it is an experienced and accomplished teacher and a consecrated Christian.

The buildings and all equipments are, perhaps, unequalled in the south. Erected and furnished at a cost of considerably more than \$100,000, expense was not spared to obtain the best results.

The location is an ideal one, and the school is accessible to every section of the south; at an altitude of over 1,000 feet above sea level, the climate is free from malarial influences, and protected from the northerly blasts by the Blue Ridge range of mountains, only about seventy-five miles distant, the climate in winter is mild and pleasant.

The charges at this institution are moderate, having been fixed with a view only of paying the reasonable running expenses of a strictly first-class and well appointed college.

The atmosphere and surroundings of the school are strictly religious, the influences home like, and every effort is made to furnish thorough, Christian education.

Although only three years old, the popularity of the Agnes Scott, and the approval of the plans of its founders, has been demonstrated by its patronage during the school year just ended, the actual enrollment having been 202 pupils from ten states.

Parents desiring fuller information as to the institute, its curriculum and fees, should apply to H. J. Williams, secretary, at Decatur, Ga., for catalogues.

BATTLE HILL.

Three Miles Due West, Stands Seventy-Three Feet Higher Than Atlanta.

overlooking the city with her smoke, dust and heat, and foul air, emitting from hundreds of open sewer mouths, so fearfully offensive and poisonous that her good citizens appeal to the courts for protection against them. On Battle Hill, or, as it is called, the "Mosquito," the actual enrollment having been 202 pupils from ten states.

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THE LORD BACON.

A New Watermelon That is Having a Splendid Sale This Summer.

The "Lord Bacon" watermelon is the name of a most delicious variety. It is grown by Mr. G. M. Bacon at DeWitt, Georgia, and has been the subject of much attention as this variety of watermelon. Most people think it by far the sweetest and best ever grown in this country. It is handled in this market by Mr. S. W. Bacon.

It is prepared to ship them in carload lots to all parts of the country. Parties desiring first-class melons at low prices can get them when they will address Mr. S. W. Bacon, this city.

Before You Take a Pacific Slope.

For the far west; before you go aboard your steamer, Pullman palace train or emigrant car, see to it that among your outfit is an adequate supply of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicinal safeguard specially suited to the wants of tourists, travelers, emigrants and summer sojourners. Cures nausea, dyspepsia, indigestion, heartburn, malaria, rheumatism, etc.

LEMON ELIXIR.

A Pleasant Lemon Tonic. For biliousness, Constipation and Malaria. For Indigestion, Sick and Nervous Headaches, Sleeplessness, Nervousness and Heart Disease.

For Fever, Chills, Debility and Kidney Diseases, take Lemon Elixir. Ladies, for natural and thorough organic regulation, take Lemon Elixir.

Dr. Mosley's Lemon Elixir is prepared from the fresh juice of Lemons, combined with other vegetable and mineral ingredients, and is one of the above named diseases. 50 cents and \$1 bottles at druggists.

Prepared only by Dr. H. Mosley, Atlanta, Ga.

Col. L. J. Alfred writes:

I am in my seventy-third year, and for fifty years I have been a great sufferer from indigestion, constipation and biliousness. I have tried all the remedies advertised for these diseases and got no permanent relief. About one year ago the disease assuming a more severe and dangerous form, I became very weak and lost flesh rapidly. I commenced using Dr. H. Mosley's Lemon Elixir. I gained seven pounds in three months. My strength and health, my appetite, my digestion were perfectly restored, and now I feel as young and vigorous as ever in my life.

L. J. ALFRED, Doorkeeper Georgia State Senate, State Capitol, Atlanta, Ga., August 5, 1891.

Veterans' Picnic and Barbecue.

conducted by Lee & Scales, the popular butchers. You need not bring any basket. Western and Atlantic Railroad. Three trains.

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INTERVIEW WITH JOHN H. JAMES.

His Success in the Banking Business—Prospects for the Future.

"I hear you have paid the Central Bank Association all you owe them to date?"

"Yes, I have just paid them fifty-six hundred dollars in full to date. In all over forty-five thousand dollars (\$45,000) in the last eight years."

"How much longer are you bound to pay them their interest, and how much more will you probably owe them?"

"Two years longer and it will take less than five thousand dollars to settle with them in full for the two years."

"I guess you will feel good at the end of the time?"

"Yes, feel good now at the prospect of soon being entirely through with them."

"What is their prospect for getting their money in full for their stock?"

"It is very good. Their property will in a few years, I think, sell for enough to pay them in full. They could now sell it for about 70 cents on the dollar."

"You have many friends who would like to know your prospects and financial standing?"

"Well, you remember several years ago Mrs. James gave me as a Christmas present half of her property on Whitehall street; now our joint property is considered worth by some two hundred thousand dollars. For have a fine income from our banking business. Mrs. James and my son Leonard are my partners. We will now have a net income from rents for the next two years of about four thousand dollars a year, after then we will have a net income from rents of about seven thousand dollars per annum."

"Do you speculate any more?"

"No, have quit all that foolishness."

"Will you soon build a new residence?"

"I think I will. I have already bought a ten-thousand-dollar lot on West Peachtree street. I believe that lot will be the most prominent street in Atlanta."

"Well, James, you are rich and your old creditors will come out while just as was predicted by many eight years ago."

—Sun-wk.

All ages, and all conditions of womanhood will find just the help that woman needs, in Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills.

That's a matter that's guaranteed. If it can't be done, then the medicine costs you nothing—the doctors don't want your money.

Get it, if you're a tired or suffering woman, and get well. It builds up and invigorates the entire system, regulates and promotes the proper functions, and restores health and strength. At the two critical periods in a woman's life—the change from girlhood to womanhood, and later, the "change of life"—it is a perfectly safe and an especially valuable remedy, and can be produced only good results.

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HUITZILOPOCHTLI.

The Aztec War-God's Teocalli and the Palace of Axayacatl

HAVE GIVEN WAY TO BUILDINGS

Now Occupying Their Historic Sites. Scenes on the Mexican Plaza Mayor. Travels in the Tropics.



HE hotel where I stopped is known as Hotel Iturbide, pronounced Ectur-bee-dee, and it was once the palace of the Mexican emperor Iturbide. It is a gloomy sort of an old place on San Francisco street, about two blocks from the plaza. The front is rather handsome and from the top long water spouts reach out, so as to throw the rain water into the street beyond the sidewalk. His private chapel, with carved figures, of the virgin and the saints, the windows, is now used as a lumber room of the hotel. Only seventy years ago he was the emperor of Mexico, who had really put off the Spaniards, who had advocated "religion, union of Spaniards and Mexicans, and independence," and yet, now his own chapel, the very penetralia of his royal abode, is a store room for lumber, trunks and old furniture of a modern hotel. This was one of my first surprises and they grew so common that I ceased to note them, except in a general way, as I would see the relics of the Aztec and Toltec civilizations, the well preserved buildings of the Spanish-Mexican empire and the new institutions of the present republic of Mexico.

After changing my apparel and removing the evidences of my long trip, I called with a letter of introduction on Mr. Frazer, treasurer of the Mexican National railway. I found him quite a pleasant gentleman and I appreciated his kindness in arranging for my sight-seeing the next day. After a late dinner and riding home, I retired to dream



HOTEL ITURBIDE.

of my strange surroundings and the sights which awaited me in our American Egypt, rich in the relics of an ancient civilization. Early next morning I visited a flower garden near the great cathedral which faces the plaza. The display of flowers was beautiful, the varieties were in greater profusion than those at home, and the individual specimens were more fully developed. The love of flowers seems to have descended direct to the Mexican through three and a half centuries from the Aztecs. I visited the national palace, the official home of the president, Diaz, where I saw the morning review of the troops. There were on parade two regiments, of about six hundred men each. The privates were inferior in size and soldierly bearing compared to the commissioned officers, who looked well. When officers met, the dainty little salute with hand and cap, used by our West Pointers, was not given, but, instead, rather a hearty embrace. It was a question with me whether this was an evidence of strong attachment or merely a custom which meant no more than a hand-shaking.

I breakfasted at the Concordia cafe. My first experience at this place was rather ludicrous, and somewhat annoying to me. I was directed to the Concordia because the proprietor could speak English, I myself not being able to speak a word of Spanish. When I called, the owner happened to be out, and there was no English-speaking person in sight. I hailed a Mexican, and tried to explain to him. He started off on a trot, and I heard him say "cocktail," I suppose Americans had taught him this one word. About this time, greatly to my relief, an Italian waiter, who seemed to know a little English, came to my rescue. I told him I wanted no cocktail, as I was a teetotaler, but I wanted a good steak and a cup of coffee. When officers met, the dainty little salute with hand and cap, used by our West Pointers, was not given, but, instead, rather a hearty embrace. It was a question with me whether this was an evidence of strong attachment or merely a custom which meant no more than a hand-shaking.



THE GRAND CATHEDRAL.

The plaza is in the center of the City of Mexico known as the Plaza Mayor. It is a large square on the border of which is quite a wide street and in the center is a grove or pleasure garden called xocalo, where the wealthy take their outing if their time be short.

On the northern side of the plaza is the cathedral of Mexico. It was finished in 1697 at a cost of about two million dollars. It is in the shape of a cross 426 feet long, 200 feet wide and about 175 feet high, with some of its huge towers reaching upwards of 200 feet. The style of the architecture is simple, rather severe, yet the size gives it quite a grand and imposing air.

The interior is magnificent, being fitted up, perhaps when two-thirds of the country's wealth was in the hands of the priests or under their absolute control in the possession of devout Catholics. It contains five naves, six altars and fourteen chapels or shrines, the burial places of some of the emperors and old Spanish viceroys. The shrines are of beautiful, brightly-colored Mexican work, and the altars are of the finest materials, native and imported.

Greatest of all the cathedral, and it is certainly the richest and most elegant in all its appointments; the history of the site whereon it stands seemed of more interest to me. It occupies the site of the Aztec temple of Huitzilopochtli. There were many Aztec temples of Huitzilopochtli, the Aztec war god

Mexicalli, or Huitzilopochtli. According to tradition it was a pyramidal structure, cut off at the top or rather not going up to a sharp point. It was built in stories and the passage from one story to another was by a flight of steps which was reached only after passing entirely around the building. One hundred and fourteen steps were required to reach the square platform at the summit, about one hundred and fifty feet above the ground.

It is said that when Hernando Cortes and his Spaniards were first at the City of Tenochtitlan, or Mexico, the king, Montezuma, led Cortes to the top of the teocalli, and from there the view commanded the whole valley and all the points of interest were pointed out. In the distance the volcano Iztaccihuatl, meaning white woman, from its white and clouded woman, snow-covered and serenely sleeping. Near her, but bolder and sterner, was smoke mountain Popocatepetl. Close in upon the borders of the lake stood Chapultepec, the grasshopper, and the valley of Anahuac, so called from ait, water, and nahuac, near, water close in.



THE SACRIFICIAL STONE.

heathen monarch and his troops. During the fights which occurred in the taking of the city, one of the most remarkable was the capture of this old temple. Cortes and his followers drove their way through the Aztec soldiers to the temple, and, under a shower of missiles hurled from above, they marched around the pyramid and up the flights of steps eight times, reaching the top where were assembled Montezuma and his nobles ready to die for their temple, and in the most sacred spot of his rich kingdom. The battle was on, and manfully the duel progressed. From below the Aztecs and the Spaniards cheered their comrades as they watched their fight and die, or would see them hurled over the parapets to be dashed to pieces below Cortes and his men marched down again, fewer in number, but and in dumb awe they fell away without offering a blow to the strangers, who seemed omnipotent, and dared even the frown of the great war god by descending his temple with the best Aztec blood. The teocalli was destroyed completely in 1530, yet recent excavations claim to have discovered the corner stone of the old structure very near the corner of the cathedral. Within the teocalli stood the sacrificial stone.

It is the most remarkable piece of sculpture yet unearthed in Mexico. It is of dry poetry from the quarry of Coyacan and the block from which it is carved must have weighed over fifty tons. It is about three feet thick and the diameter of the top about nine feet. There is carved on the sides a procession of figures supposed to represent their sacrificial rites or a long line of their monarchs, and on the top in the center of geometrical designs, fancifully wrought, is a hollow place or bowl, and from it a channel is cut to the edge to drain it. Here was caught and conducted away the heart's best blood of the victim offered.

Historians say that in a single year over sixty thousand human beings were slaughtered on this old butcher stone.

The old god, Huitzilopochtli, whose desire for blood was supposed to be so great,



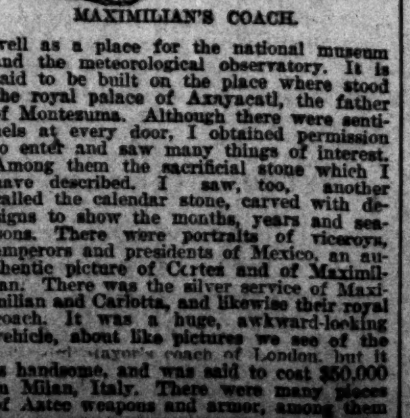
AZTEC CALENDAR STONE.

had a huge fat face and terrible eyes, in his right hand was a bundle of arrows, his body was bound about with serpents and round his neck were figures of human heads and hearts. The figure was entirely covered with gold and jewels, but the old stone now shown as the idol has none of these ornamentations. Before this idol was a pan of incense in which there were three human hearts burning constantly.

The apartment in which it stood was stained from top to bottom with human blood. Cortes and his men were bloody enough, but they did not down and crushed out perhaps the wild could possibly invent.

The cathedral is for all persons alike, enter at any time and you can see some pure Castilian senorita kneeling, near her some squallid Indian on his way to market steps to kneel with his pack of vegetables or fruits or even a couple of chickens still at his back, or a soldier or a leper, all kneeling indiscriminately on a perfect level at that spot. Adjoining the cathedral on the west is the Church of Sagrario, now the parish church. Its front is beautifully carved and it looks a world when compared with the imposing severity of the great cathedral.

On the eastern side of the plaza is the national palace where I saw the morning parade. It is twenty-eight hundred feet long and its numerous apartments afford offices for the president and his officers as



MAXIMILIAN'S COACH.

Montezuma's abode. There were gods and goddesses, great and small, among them Chaco-Mol, the tiger god, or the fire god. There were also many other gods, some were lying about in heaps, with their legs, arms, ears or noses cracked or broken off entirely. Here were also many other gods, some were lying about in heaps, with their legs, arms, ears or noses cracked or broken off entirely. Here were also many other gods, some were lying about in heaps, with their legs, arms, ears or noses cracked or broken off entirely.



THE FIRE GOD CHACO-MOL.

Piedad, which was the palace of Cortes. It was founded by the count of Regia for the benefit of poor people and for members of the shabby gentry who, having squandered their money are ready to "soak" their family relics and valuables. The endowment of capital stock was originally \$300,000 and the money advanced bears a low rate of interest. The security or pawned article is valued by a committee of valuers and the price is set at three-fourths of this valuation will be advanced. As long as one pays the interest the article is not exposed to sale; should he stop paying the interest, then, after about six months, a price is set upon the article and it is plainly marked and set out to be sold. After about six months more, if not sold, the article is put up at auction and sold to the highest bidder. If it brings a price in excess of the amount advanced, with its added interest, this balance is carefully added to the person who originally pawned the goods and is kept until called for and, if never called for, at the end of 100 hundred years it goes to increase the capital of the institution. Many a thing is to be seen there—saddles, swords, spears, cloths, shawls, sombreros, jewels, books, pistols, furniture, a perfect conglomeration of the things of the past. The most notable article to me was a diamond necklace priced \$30,000. I have no doubt it had a historic value.

The next day I went in interest every time I visited it, yet, while I have given this letter entirely to it, here were many other historic, beautiful and interesting places in the city. I will try to describe in my next. R. A. H.

THE WANDERER.

It was on the fast express between Charlotte and Atlanta. I was very tired and eagerly adjusted myself as best I could in the first vacant seat I reached. The train pulled out of the station and I was on my way. The train pulled out of the station and I was on my way. The train pulled out of the station and I was on my way. The train pulled out of the station and I was on my way.

From the car window I could see the great drifts of snow flashing like, splendid diamonds in the light of the moon. The streaks of light slowly melted into the infinite azure of the deep blue sky, and fiery constellations lit up the heaven's light spangled chandeliers.

As I sat there, along, groups of trees like so many skeletons draped in dazzling cloaks of snow rose weird and ghost-like before my eyes and quickly glided past; supplanted by another and still another in the twinkling of an eye. The scene reminded me of one vast panorama of the dead returning from the grave. I saw a far off line of Blue Ridge bluffs that glistened like the waves of a sea and lay in eternal calm. And where the sky dipped into them there rested a luster that was sublime. Above the din and noise of the train could be faintly heard the melancholy sigh of the winter wind.

As the train stopped at the little way station along the road passengers shivering with cold would enter the car and endeavor to seat themselves on the velvet cushions nearest the heated stove.

It was a night fit for the gods. With this chain of thought flitting through my mind, I was lulled into a dreamy state, quickly enjoying the smoke when a remark from the conductor reminded me that I was not in a smoking car. He also suggested that a gentleman would not indulge in tobacco in the presence of ladies.

I thanked him for his information and got up and left.

As I slammed the door of the car behind me and started for the smoking room of the Pullman, my foot was hardly planted on the platform of the bounding coach before I was greeted with a voice that seemed to come from the trucks of one of the cars.

"Hello mister, how is your health?"

"Well, I will swear!" was my inaudible response. I looked toward the truck of the sleeper and saw by the glimmering moonlight the outstretched form of a ragged tramp. His face haunted me even now. I thought he was a most forlorn creature, a living specimen of humanity I ever laid eyes on. He was certainly the pride of trampdom. There was nothing in either his face or his dress indicating that he could now lay any claim to a better life.

His large, baggy trousers bore marks of a rough, dirty life. Covered with the dirt and filth so incident to such an existence, they had grown exceedingly rusty and judging from their appearance, they had seen "long and active" service. The old coat he wore showed every sign of age and decay. Without regard to the coldness of the night, it presented numerous holes to admit the chilling wind to his shivering and unprotected skin. His slouch hat lay over his shoulders and thoroughly, though not very gracefully, covered his otherwise unkempt neck. Underneath its flaps shone a pair of eyes that flashed even with intelligence. The way he looked in his looks that seemed to indicate that he had known better days. Ill-usage, it is true, had almost crushed the better feelings of his nature, but had not destroyed them. Though his voice and manner were characterized by a provoking but good-natured insolence, there was something about him that seemed to show that he had not lost all regard for the better qualities of his better nature.

"What are you doing down there?" I inquired, as soon as I had sufficiently recovered from the unexpected surprise.

"What?" was his ready and unobtrusive response.

"Where are you going?"

"Nowhere."

"What is your name?"

"Well, that's a leading question, and your deponent declines to answer."

look at these clothes. There is nothing fresh about them, is there?" While he thus spoke he pulled open three or four patches and laid bare his dirty shirt.

Although he presented a pitiable spectacle, I could not keep back a merry peal of laughter as I noticed the comical expression that played about his youthful face. He spoke the truth. He didn't look fresh a bit. On the contrary, his condition was pathetic. As I recalled my tars remark, an omnipresent consciousness half smote me with a stinging rebuke. Perhaps he had a mother who was at that hour shedding tears of bitter anguish for her wandering boy, longing for his return, and praying, at only a mother's care, for the safety of her child.

"Why don't you return home?" I asked, as a sigh escaped my lips. In a moment his face lost its mirth and an expression of melancholy gently stole over his countenance.

"Home, stranger? Alas! I have none to return to."

He paused as if unable to continue; his voice quivered, and with his dirty coat-sleeve brushed away tears that had crept into his eyes.

Two years ago I was happy, living in a little country home in Missouri, with a loving mother and brother and sisters. I was wild, as most boys are. One day, in the heat of a quarrel, I shot my brother from home. Oh, stranger, you little know what a scar a blow from a parent leaves on the heart of a child. I left and have returned—perhaps never will. Since that time, with blasted hopes and a blighted future, I have been drifting around the world. You know the rest of my tale. I have been a long and dreary pathway from better to worse, until the last round on the ladder has been reached and I can go no further. I have received no word from my mother since that time, with blasted hopes and a blighted future, I have been drifting around the world. You know the rest of my tale. I have been a long and dreary pathway from better to worse, until the last round on the ladder has been reached and I can go no further. 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STROKES THAT ARE PREFERRED BY SOME

Not Playing Will Not Amount to Much
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The Champions of the Game.

The different strokes at lawn tennis have been described again and again. Among others, Mr. H. W. Slocum, Jr., and Dr. James Dwight, the "father of American tennis," high authorities, have written interesting and instructive books on the subject.

Little can be written that is new concerning the technical points of the game, but it may be of interest to that portion of the public which does not attend the larger tournaments to know what strokes are individually preferred by some of the men who are at present the most expert players in America.

It is therefore the purpose of this article to describe the strokes as briefly as possible, giving particular attention to the characteristic methods of the players who were prominent in the tournament of 1891.

In order of usefulness the forehand stroke off the ground comes first. It is the most important because in a majority of cases it is used to make at least two-thirds of the strokes in a game, and also because the serve is almost always returned by this stroke. It is made in many different ways, but for convenience may be divided into two, all others being merely modifications of these two. One is the drop stroke (often erroneously styled "Lawford.") It is made by hitting the ball very hard, usually near the ground on its descent, without any side cut at all, but with a lifting motion, which imparts a downward shock to the ball after it has gone a certain distance. The advantage of this ball is that the greatest pace may be put into it. The drop stroke is used by H. A. Taylor, S. T. Chase, E. L. Hall, V. G. Hall and Hobart, and in a modified form by Campbell, Knapp and others.

The other is known as the side stroke, and is made by striking the ball on the side with more or less cut, which serves to retard its speed. It is claimed that more accuracy can be gained by this stroke than by the drop. It is used by Hovey, Huntington, Slocum, P. S. Sears and many others.

The volley is less necessary than the ground strokes only because it cannot be used as much. A ball can never be volleyed until after two and usually three strokes have been played. It is made by some of our best players with a decided cut, and by some with scarcely any. Huntington, Hovey and Taylor employ the former method, and Campbell, E. L. Hall and Hobart the latter. It seems to be an open question as to which style should have the preference, but I think that any one who has watched our champion place his clean-cut volleys within a few inches apparently of the spot he aimed at, will be likely to side with him.

Next in importance is the backhand stroke. A good backhand is rare. It saves the fortunate possessor an immense amount of exertion by sparing him the alternative of running around the ball to take it forehanded and enables him to

cover his court more perfectly. Huntington's backhand is almost perfect, and much can be learned from watching P. S. Sears, V. G. Hall and Ryerson.

There are almost as many different styles of service as there are players, and it is impossible to determine just which is best. It should be as swift as the player can sustain through a long match, but it is even of more importance that it should be well placed. V. G. Hall, Hovey and Taylor put great speed in their serves, while Campbell, A. E. Wright and Knapp place a slower ball with much skill and good judgment.

The lob is a useful stroke, and can often be employed with great effect. It is made by tossing the ball high in the air over the opposing player's head. If it be well made it usually causes the latter to run to the back of the court to make the return, and gives the man who lobs a chance to run up towards the net to catch the return in the best position for placing it. Knapp and Huntington use this stroke with great judgment.

The smash is at best a dangerous stroke, and a well-placed volley is generally equally effective and much safer.

A net player is one who runs to the net to volley the ball at every opportunity, while the back court player always remains near the base line, and takes nearly everything on the bound. A good example of the latter is Richard Stevens, who has scarcely ever been known to volley a ball. I think that Stevens would have an even chance against any player in the country if the right to volley was abolished; yet there are probably twelve men who can beat Stevens now, which goes to show that some net play is necessary. On the other hand a common fault lies in coming up too often, without waiting for the proper opportunities. Without doubt, many reason that because Campbell is par excellence a net player, the net game must be a winning one. In point of fact, Campbell has clearly demonstrated by his own great improvement from a year to year that the extreme net game is not the winning one. I cannot see that Campbell volleys any better than he did four or five years ago, and I attribute his improvement almost entirely to perfected back-court playing. His improved ground strokes allow him to get to the net oftener, without as much danger of being passed as formerly, because he can give his opponents more difficult balls to handle.

It seems then a logical deduction that superior net playing will not avail much without fairly good ground strokes to back it up. I have tried to show that neither the extreme back court nor the net game is the strongest one. I consider that the best game theoretically is one strong in both departments, and should advise every man who is essentially a net player to pay particular attention to improving his ground strokes, and vice versa.

Of all the net players, Campbell is facile princeps. The man who in my opinion has most nearly approached him in this respect is E. P. McMullen, when, in 1888, the latter was playing in many of the larger tournaments. Campbell is the only player who has ever made a success of the practice of running up on the serve. Indeed, his being able to do it is almost a miracle, even to those who have played against him, for theoretically it is impossible. There are, however, a number of circumstances which combine to aid him. He is the only one of the best players who run up on his serve, and it is the more effective because the others do not have frequent opportunity of making this game, and of learning how best to cope with it. Again, a great part of the success of this plan of attack lies in its tendency to rattle the opposing player, in a tournament match. In practice it would not often have this effect, but in a tournament, where the player is subjected to considerable nervous strain, he is liable to lose his head and go all to pieces. But more than all this is Campbell's wonderful quickness, science and accurate eye which enable him to do what no one else in this country has ever succeeded in doing. His back court playing, as I have before remarked, has improved of late, but it will bear further development. His good lobs, well placed though slow service, unusual endurance and great coolness, together with his net play, go to make up the game which has brought him into such distinction.

Campbell is noted for pulling games out of the fire. I once counted eight tournament matches which he had won after being within one point of defeat. One of these was against the writer of this article, in the Englewood tournament of 1888. It was a two-out-of-three play for a time as no other man whom I have ever seen play, but he is generally unable to keep the pace through a closely contested match. Huntington, on the other hand, is as steady as a rock, and can be counted on to play in about the same form throughout a contest. These qualities in the two men were perfectly illustrated in the match between them at Newport, year before last, which Huntington won. Hovey at one time held the lead by two sets to one and five games to three, and up to this time had certainly outplayed his opponent. Just at this critical point, however, the whole quality of his game changed completely, and after that a player of less skill than Mr. Hunt that a player of less skill than Mr. Hunt.

Hovey's serve is by far the swifter, and he smashes more while Huntington lobs better, and his backhand is superior, but the forehand strokes and volleys of these men are nearly identical. Hovey can play for a time as no other man whom I have ever seen play, but he is generally unable to keep the pace through a closely contested match. Huntington, on the other hand, is as steady as a rock, and can be counted on to play in about the same form throughout a contest. These qualities in the two men were perfectly illustrated in the match between them at Newport, year before last, which Huntington won. Hovey at one time held the lead by two sets to one and five games to three, and up to this time had certainly outplayed his opponent. Just at this critical point, however, the whole quality of his game changed completely, and after that a player of less skill than Mr. Hunt that a player of less skill than Mr. Hunt.

W. Percy Knapp does not play a pretty game, but it is none the less strong on that account. While he never makes a gallery stroke, it is hard to find a single point in the game in which he is weak, except that of smashing, which can hardly be considered a defect. He is very strong and able to outlast most of the other men, and this advantage, combined with great determination, enables him to defeat men who apparently outclass him.

Edward L. Hall is a young player who has made his mark already and who seems destined to advance still further. His game strikes me as being as yet somewhat undeveloped, and I look for improvement this year. He serves lobs and plays well, and his forehand stroke is good, but his backhand is often weak, and he is somewhat slow in getting after balls not coming straight at him. As yet his brother plays about as

strong a game as he does. Valentine Hall has an extremely graceful style, and is a good all-round player. It seems to me, however, that his strokes lack force, with the result of placing him on the defensive.

It is the custom here as in England, to classify the best players of each year. The actual results of the tournament 1 season of 1891 will place the men who competed in about the following order. Campbell, Hobart, Huntington, Hovey, E. L. Hall, V. G. Hall, P. S. Sears, S. T. Chase, Lee and Smith. Among those who have made brilliant records in former years are Messrs. R. D. Sears, H. W. Slocum, Jr., H. A. Taylor, Brinley, Clark, C. A. Chase, Knapp, MacMullen, Beelman and Shaw.

It is to be regretted more and more each year that we have no substantial basis for comparing our own and the English cracks, such as an international contest would afford. If a team of six or eight, selected from the above named men, could have a chance to play a similar picked team from the British ranks I am confident that America would have no cause to be ashamed of her representatives, and her eagle might have a chance to flap his wings.

CLARENCE HOBART.

Take Hood's and only Hood's. Because Hood's Sarsaparilla cures. It possesses merit peculiar to itself. Try it yourself.

A DELIGHTFUL TRIP

To Tallulah Falls and Return—\$1.50 Round Trip.

On next Wednesday morning, July 6th, at 7 o'clock, an excursion party, composed of the teachers and their friends, will leave Atlanta for Tallulah Falls to spend the day.

The Richmond and Danville railroad will have one of their passenger representatives along with the party to see that every attention is shown them, and the round trip will only be \$1.50, and is open to everybody.

Our Mr. Maier will leave for New York this week to purchase goods for our two stores, 81 and 93 Whitehall street. Our prices on diamonds, watches, etc., are lower than ever. Maier & Berkele, 93 Whitehall street.

Diamond engagement rings, diamond lace pins, diamond ear rings all at lowest prices. Maier & Berkele, 93 Whitehall street.

Our stock of dainty Roman neck chains, with beautiful pendants, must be seen to be appreciated. Maier & Berkele, 93 Whitehall street.

We Will Not Move from our present store, No. 93 Whitehall street, but will open up at our new store, No. 81 Whitehall street, on September 1st, with an immense stock of diamonds, watches, cut glass, sterling silver, etc. Maier & Berkele, 93 Whitehall street.

We have built up our present large business by fair dealing and low prices, and will assure you, if you need any diamonds, watches, etc., we will save you money if you buy from us. Maier & Berkele, 93 Whitehall street.

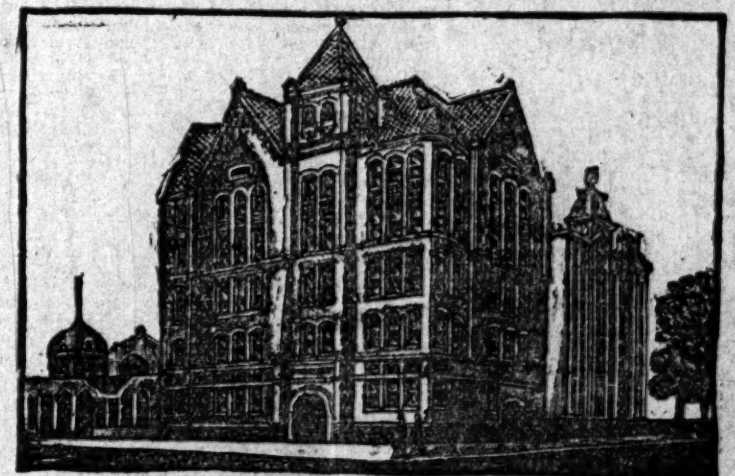
FOR OLD POINT COMFORT, VA.

\$15.75—Grand Excursion via Richmond and Danville Railroad.

On July 5th, 12th, 19th and 26th a round trip rate of \$15.75 from Atlanta to Old Point Comfort and return via the great Richmond and Danville system will be given. Tickets good to return within ten days from date of sale. Three trains daily with complete sleeping car service. Call or address C. B. Sargent, district passenger agent, 10 Kimball house.

H. W. Yarborough makes picture frames to order. Entirely new stock. See him at 40 1/2 Peachtree street.

Nashville College for Young Ladies



ENROLLMENT 1892, 425.

Session Begins September 1st 1892. Three Buildings, Rooms for 200 Boarders, 40 Officers, Teachers and Lecturers. Privileges in the Vanderbilt University. Eminent Lecturers every season.

IN MUSIC Two first-class Musicians are in charge of the instrumental and the vocal departments. With them are associated eight other teachers of fine culture and great skill in the production of the best musical compositions. Pupils enjoy advantages in hearing highest style of music.

OUR ART DEPARTMENT is in the finest studio of the city, beautifully lighted, and amply supplied with models. Pupils enjoy from time to time, advantages for seeing and studying best Art works, such as can be found only in a progressive and wide-awake city.

FOR SCIENTIFIC STUDIES his Professors in the Laboratories of Chemistry, Physics, and of Natural History, strive to give to the pupils the advantages of the best institutions of the South.

OUR GYMNASIUM is fully equipped for its work. Every species of apparatus requisite for full development of the body organs is here provided for our flourishing classes. Both the Sargent and the Swedish Gymnastic taught.

OUR LITERARY SCHEDULE embraces a scheme of education extending over a period of four years, and a mode of training which is in advance of competition.

A KINDERGARTEN is, in connection with the College, also training class for teachers and the best ELOCUTIONARY TRAINING under the care of Prof. Merrill, of Vanderbilt University, is given.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION is provided for pupils who desire to learn Dress Cutting & Fitting, Stenography, Typewriting, and Book-keeping.

MAGNIFICENT NEW BUILDING 100,000 sq. ft., facing on Broad and on Vauxhall Streets, fireproof, complete and crowns the work.

AN UNPARALLELED GROWTH. From obscurity to national fame, from fifty pupils to begin with to 425. Send for Catalogue and for free paper "Our College."

Rev. Geo. W. F. Price, D.D., Pres., 108 Vauxhall Place, Nashville, Tenn.

Yes It Is Hot, But
Don't hurry.
Don't fret.
Don't watch the thermometer.
Don't take heating food.
Don't wear starched things.
Don't be afraid of perspiring.
Don't seek a crowd.
Don't take the sunny side of the street.
Don't talk about the weather.
Don't forget to use Jacobs' Lavender Ammonia.

To accommodate visitors and others, Carmichael, Gautier and Deshon, the great, 11 o'clock matinee and nightly.

Notice to Contractors.
PROPOSALS.

Bids will be received for the erection of St. Peter's church building to be built at Rome, Ga. The walls may be figured either in rock, marble or brick. The plans and specifications may be seen at the office of Nixon & Lindsay, architects, 612 North Broad street, Atlanta, Ga., or J. Sam Veal's office, 305 Broad street, Rome, Ga. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids.

Every horse owner wants his horse insured. All he wants is a thoroughly reliable company to insure in. The Southern Live Stock Insurance Company, of Atlanta, is that kind of a company.

23 Hayden Street

Will be sold at auction on Tuesday, next at southern door; executor's sale. Call for plan.

R. M. ADAMS.

POLICE STORIES

Told by the Veterans of Atlanta's Police Force.

THEY GROW REMINISCENT AND TALK, And Many a Good Story Do They Tell.

CAPTAIN MANLEY'S FIGHT IN A TOWER.

And the Thrilling Experiences of Patrolmen Abbott and Steerman—Ed Cason Falls in a Well.

Blood and thunder literature is not in it compared to the tales of adventure some of the veterans of the Atlanta police force tell.

The vets have met many tough experiences in their years of service, and there's not one of them but could give Old Bluth some pointers for his library.

In the old days, long gone by, when Atlanta was not as much of a law-and-order city as it is today, the "dandy coppers" had many exciting adventures in trying to keep things quiet.

Atlanta was not always as law abiding as it is now, and the officers of today have a picnic compared to what the blue coats of that period had—working twelve hours a day, and risking their lives every hour out of the twelve.

The life of the average policeman is full enough of adventure to make a book. Full of danger and full of risk the life of a patrolman is marked by some dangerous experience every day.

When the vets of the force fall into a reminiscent mood you always hear something worth listening to. All the old ones have mines of good stories that they can spin out hour by hour, and some of those stories would read well in Cap Collier's library.

A Fight in a Tower.

Captain Pink Manley, the handsome commandant of the day watch, tells, a good story of an adventure he had years ago when he was a patrolman.

"Everybody in Atlanta," said the captain, "has heard of Wiley Redding, the famous negro desperado. No one negro ever gave the people of Georgia so much trouble as he. He was sent to the chain-gang several times on various charges, and escaped. One time he escaped and while escaping was shot in the head by Captain Moss, who then had charge of the camps. The negro came to Atlanta with the bullet in his head, but succeeded in hiding himself securely. The officers were notified to keep a close watch for the notorious desperado, which they did."

"They were sure the negro was in Atlanta, but he could not be found anywhere, where, search as we might. Every place formerly haunted by him was explored, but Wiley Redding was too shrewd, and he had securely hidden himself away."

"One day some one came to the police station and reported that every morning just at daylight a strange negro was seen to come out of the city hall, and walk rapidly away, as if anxious to escape observation. This strange personage had been seen frequently, and we concluded that it must be Wiley. The description given of the strange negro tallied exactly with that of Redding."

"One night, I shall never forget it, I and a superintendence named Clark were detailed to search the city hall, and bring light to its strange night visitor. The city hall then stood where the capitol now stands, and very few residences surrounded it. It was a lonely spot indeed, and poorly lighted. We waited until 1 o'clock in the morning to make our exploration, and then the town was as dead as it ever gets to be. I felt rather strange as I entered the gloomy old building for I knew the kind of a man I had to contend with, and I knew he would not hesitate to kill. We rummaged through every room in the building until the top floor was reached, but no negro did we find."

"I guess," said my companion, "that he didn't come tonight, but I began to think so, but suddenly a thought struck me."

"The negro might be in the tower!" A minute later, Clark and I had started up the tower. A narrow, winding staircase ran through the tower, and up this, through dust and dirt, we climbed. It was gloomy work. The moonlight struggled through a crevice in the tower and made the interior look weird, indeed. I was ahead, and when I had almost reached the top, I stopped and looked up."

"The light was poor, only a faint streak of moonlight coming in; but by its dim glare, I saw the figure of a negro man sitting in one corner. The figure was that of a powerful man, and although I could not see the face, I believed it to be Wiley Redding."

"As I still looked, the figure moved. With a cat-like spring the powerful man reached my side, and, before I knew it, I was lying dazed and stunned on the stairway. The big negro had dealt me a powerful blow on the head with his stick."

"When I awoke, all was still. I felt a heaviness about the head, and got up and crept down. My partner was gone; Redding was gone. I afterwards learned that Redding sprang out at me, Clark had taken to his heels. I suppose Redding followed. Any way, I found myself alone, and I went away from that place with about as strange a feeling as I ever experienced."

Into a Well.

Ed Cason, one of Atlanta's first detectives, and as shrewd a detector of criminals as ever lived, has had a thousand adventures since he has been doing this work. He tells of a dangerous experience he had years ago, and yet wonders at the miracle that enabled him to come out of that experience alive.

"One night," says he, "years ago, Harvey Bedford and I were looking for a negro murderer, for whom there was a reward of \$300. He was a desperate negro, and we knew we would have to be careful in getting hold of him. We located him one night in a little cottage, way out on the outskirts of the city. When we reached the house we found that a number of negroes were inside, and we knew that we would have to surround it, or our man would get away. Bedford took his stand at the front door and I went back to the rear. Instantly a tumult began inside the house. The negroes rushed wildly about, and in a moment I heard them knocking against the rear of the house. I ran to the spot. As I reached it a terrible blow from within sent several planks flying, and left an opening big as a door in the side of the house. A big negro leaped through the opening and ran around the house. I was sure, from his actions, that he was our man, and I ran after him. I had just turned around the corner of the house, and looked to see Bedford following, when I began stepping on air."

"And began falling down, down, down, what seemed a black pit. In a moment I struck ground again with heavy force, and then I realized that I had fallen into a well."

well. The cold air and the rank odors assured me of this. "Fortunately," was not hurt, and I quickly began feeling about for a way to get out. Looking up I saw Bedford leaning over, gazing in after me. In a minute I had joined him, and we made off after our man."

"After a hot chase and the exchange of several pistol shots, we captured our man." The Burglar's Dagger.

Good-natured, ever-smiling and jolly John Abbott is one of the "vets" of the police force, and he has had his share of narrow escapes and thrilling adventures. John used to wear a blue coat and carry a billy on Decatur street when it was the paradise of the evildoers of Atlanta. For years he and Joe Green patrolled one of the toughest beats on the street, and it was a dull night, indeed, when they did not have to contend with a gang of toughs, or burglars.

John tells a very thrilling story of a midnight adventure on Decatur street, which wound up at the station house.

"One night, at midnight," John tells me, "Joe Green and I went on our beat as usual. The first thing we did was to try every door to see if they were fast. We were along shaking the doors as we came to them, and found them all right until we came to the door of W. D. Smith's store. We heard a slight noise inside; it might be a rat or it might be a burglar."

"Hush," Joe said, and we listened intently for some moments. We could hear our watches ticking, so still was it, and we had almost decided that we were mistaken when we heard a cautious footstep on the inside. That assured us of the presence of a burglar. We arranged that Joe should stand in front and I should go to the rear, which I did."

"At the rear I found a window broken in, and I crawled into the store. Sitting on the counter was a dim candle, and by its light I could see a negro, almost seven feet tall, busily engaged in getting something from under the counter. I quickly recognized him as Bill Clement, a notorious negro burglar. I covered him with my gun, and had him handcuffed in a moment."

"There were no 'Black Marias' then, and Joe and I started to the station house with our prisoner. He was the meekest prisoner I ever saw, and went along without any trouble. When the station house was reached, I started in just a step in advance of Joe and the negro, as the door was narrow to admit of passing through it abreast. I was hardly through the door when I heard a cry, and turning I saw the big negro slashing Joe with a glittering dagger. At every fall of that glittering blade the blood flew, and I could see that Joe was being fearfully cut up."

"The negro had slipped the dagger from his sleight and turned upon me. I ran back and began pounding the negro over the head, and as I reached them Joe fell under the negro's sharp dagger."

"The negro then made a quick dash down the street. I followed close behind. The long negro ran fast, and was distancing us rapidly. He turned into Hunter street and ran east. Joe Green followed right behind me, and as the negro reached the place where Justice Orr's court is now located Joe fired. That bullet whistled right by my ear, but it struck that negro, and he fell."

"When we reached him he was dead. His death ended the career of one of the worst burglars that ever infested Atlanta."

John Rutherford's Whistle.

John Abbott tells of another experience he had years ago with John Rutherford, the noted desperado. "Mr. Charley Sindall," the story is told by John, "reported that his house had been burglarized, and some diamonds and jewelry were missing. He asked that some officers be detailed to watch for the burglar at his home. Steerman and I were detailed and sent to the house on Walton street, to watch all night for the burglars."

The house sat way back from the street, and was fronted by a large lawn. We took our positions so that we could see the front of the house and watch the street. On the first night of our watch there was an entertainment at Mr. Sindall's, and lights were not put out in the house until near midnight. A little after 1 o'clock we heard footstep coming down Spring street toward Walton. Now and then the footstep would stop for a moment, and we would hear a shrill, mysterious whistle. The steps came on until the man was just opposite us, where he stopped and looked toward the house intently."

"The man was a young negro, almost white, with a heavy set of side whiskers—John Rutherford. He stood for five minutes looking at the house, whistled again mysteriously, and then walked back the way he came."

"The next night, about 1 o'clock, we heard the same footstep and the same whistle, coming from the same direction; presently the same man walked up to the street corner and watched the house, whistling in his strange way at intervals. After a few minutes he walked to the street lamp and as he stood there, leaving everything dark; then, noiselessly, he came through the gate and walked toward the house."

"He stopped a moment at the window and heard a cough and some one moving inside. At this he turned and walked away. He relit the street lamp and disappeared."

"We were sure our man would come back, and the next night we stationed ourselves inside the house."

"About the usual time we heard the whistle, saw the street lamp turned out, and a moment later the wind of the moment where Steerman sat rattled and moved. The yellow face and side whiskers appeared at the window, the sash moved noiselessly up and as nimbly as a cat, the desperado leaped inside the room. I heard a pistol shot, a fall and a groan and rushed into the room. As I did so the man on the floor sprang up and passed the door. I followed him, and when I had almost reached the top, I stopped and looked up."

"The light was poor, only a faint streak of moonlight coming in; but by its dim glare, I saw the figure of a negro man sitting in one corner. The figure was that of a powerful man, and although I could not see the face, I believed it to be Wiley Redding."

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pistol in his hand and followed him home threatening. "Another officer and I were sent to arrest the desperate ruffian. He was quarreling with his wife when we got there and held his pistol in his hand. He sprang at me and I saved a run under my new cooking it as he did so."

"Now, that's not a pleasant nor a funny experience and I did not relish the situation. For a minute I stood expecting to be shot dead, when, with a quick movement, I knocked the negro's pistol from his hands. Then we had the most desperate hand to hand fight I ever had in my life. We succeeded in subduing the negro after almost killing him. But that experience with the pistol in my eye—it makes me feel funny yet."

Arresting the Dead.

Probably Station House Keeper John Joiner and Sergeant Casper Breuninger deserve the distinction of being the only officers on the Atlanta police force who ever arrested a dead man.

"Casper and I," says Mr. Joiner, "used to be partners on the force, and one night as we were walking along our beat we came across a man lying on the sidewalk."

"Dead drunk," said the sergeant, "and we'll have to pick him up and literally carry him in. We walked up to the man and to all appearances he was dead drunk. I lifted him up, but he gave no sign and I laid him back again."

"Casper took hold of one arm and I the other and we lifted up our prisoner and started. We had to drag him along, for he showed not the least animation."

"Suddenly Casper turned loose the 'arm he held and in a voice full of horror called out: 'Turn that man a-lose! Turn that man a-lose! He's done already dead, and I'll run for Dr. Martin.'"

"I let the man down, and sure enough he was dead. We laid him on the sidewalk and he was dead."

Arrested a Ball Team.

Captain John Thompson once had to face ten pistols in the hands of the old Savannah baseball team.

"The team was at the union depot waiting for the train, and each individual ball player had about as much beer aboard as he could carry. All were making merry at the expense of everybody called in and started to arrest the leaders in the trouble. But instantly ten pistol barrels flashed before him and ten men swore he shouldn't arrest a soul."

"But there were equally times at first," says the captain. "These are just a few of the many interesting stories the coppers tell. They can spin out yarns by the hour that would put a sailor to blush—yarns of real adventure, and for the crimes they have prevented, the evildoers they have brought to justice and for the order they have preserved each of these old veterans deserves a monument."

R. L. A.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

For the skin of the face and neck. The result of 10 years' experience in the treatment of skin diseases. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy for all skin diseases, such as eczema, psoriasis, and other skin conditions. It is sold by all druggists and is a household necessity.

Rest, Health, Pleasure—AT—The Oakland Heights, Formerly Oakland Inn, ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.

A first-class hotel, with fully equipped and scientifically conducted bath department—Turkish, Roman, Russian and salt baths, massage, electricity, etc. etc. etc. appointments conducive to health and pleasure.

ONLY HOUSE IN ASHEVILLE WHERE CONSUMPTIVES ARE NOT RECEIVED. Two resident physicians from New York City.

Chemically pure spring supplies water for house and bath.

Special rates for summer. Send for circular. June 23-31st. June 23-31st. June 23-31st.

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

Plaza Hotel, Asheville, N.C.

In addition to being favorite in fall and winter, it is most desirable for summer visitors. Located in the heart of New York city, at Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street, overlooking Central Park and Plaza square. Convenient to places of amusement and stores.

Fifth Avenue, cross-tops and belt line horse cars pass the doors. Terminal station Sixth Avenue elevated road within half a block. Connected on American and European plans. The water and ice used are vaporized and frozen on the premises and certified as to purity by Professor Charles F. Chandler.

SUMMER RATES. June 19-30th. June 19-30th. June 19-30th.

Hotel Metropole, BROADWAY, SEVENTH AVENUE, FORTY-SEVENTH STREET, NEW YORK.

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF. Three blocks from Grand Central station, one block from Sixth Avenue elevated. Broadway, Seventh Avenue, Forty-second Street. Beautiful view of Central Park. Cool and best ventilated hotel in the city. Baggage to and from Grand Central and West Street stations.

Street cars from these stations pass door. Convenient to all excursion routes. June 19-30th. June 19-30th. June 19-30th.

THE AMERICAN CARLSBAD! Famous for its Natural Mineral Water and Baths, located in the heart of the city, near the highest waterfalls of the Adirondacks. It is a health resort for all who suffer from rheumatism, neuralgia, and other ailments. It is a place of beauty and comfort, and is a must for all who visit the Adirondacks.

THE ELWOOD HOTEL, Marietta, Ga. under a new management, opens July 1st; twenty miles from Atlanta; ten passenger trains daily. June 22nd. June 22nd. June 22nd.

THE BRISTOL, 13 to 19 East Eleventh street, near Fifth Avenue, New York city, a complete family house; convenient to all the principal stores and places of amusement. Very moderate terms. American and European plan. June 22nd. June 22nd. June 22nd.

Kenilworth Inn, BILTMORE STATION, Asheville, North Carolina. Asheville on the one side, Vanderbilt park on the other side; 100 acres of forest park, 20 acres lawn, 1,200 square miles of view. The hotel is a beautiful building, with 20 equal orchestras, unparalleled rides and drives. Most reasonable rates. Beautifully situated, beautiful free. BROWNING & WHEELER, Proprietors. June 22nd. June 22nd. June 22nd.

SUMMER RESORTS. Porter Springs, QUEEN OF THE MOUNTAINS

Opens June 20. Situated 23 miles from Gainesville, Ga. one mile from top of Blue Ridge 3,000 feet above sea level. Bacteria leave Gainesville on arrival of morning train from Atlanta every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, arriving before night. Fare, \$2. Trunks, \$1. Valises, 25 cents. Board, \$25 per month. No extras. Bath, billiards and ten pins free. Jersey cows on rich clover pastures, yield unlimited supply of delicious milk and butter. Table fare as good as at home, and we refer confidently to all who have been there the last three or four years. Postoffice in hotel. Daily mail. For particulars address sun tue thur HENRY P. FARROW.

SAVOY, A LOCATED SAVOY

At the main entrance to Central Park, cor. 5th Ave. and 90th St. NEW YORK, one block from Elevated Railway Station.

ACCOMMODATIONS. Rooms singly or en suite. All modern improvements. American and European plans. Perfect Cuisine.

A NEW AND ABSOLUTELY FIRE-PROOF HOTEL. 24 Avenue and 90th St., NEW YORK.

COPELAND TOWNSEND, Manager.

IDEAL SUMMER RESORT. Hot Springs, North Carolina.

Go to the mountains of western North Carolina for pure bracing air, charming scenery, cool nights, perfect drainage; no malaria nor mosquitoes. Luxurious bath house, pleasure home comforts, excellent table and service at the famous Mountain Park hotel. Open all the year, fine ballroom and best music in the south; plenty of amusements. Send for booklet. Dr. W. F. Ross, proprietor. July 1, 1m.

Tallahassee, Georgia. HOTEL ROBINSON

is now open for guests, and everything in first-class condition for the present owners, and no one can stay away on the account of the road. The road has been repaired from Cornelia to the falls, and good cars put on the line. The name of Tallahassee Falls with its beautiful scenery, its pure water, its fine climate, and its fine scenery, is a name that will be remembered by all who have seen it. T. A. ROBINSON, Proprietor.

Grand View Hotel, Tallahassee, Ga. FINEST SCENERY IN THE WORLD.

One hundred guests can find first-class accommodations, lovely rooms, beautifully papered, brass band, swimming pool large enough for 100 bathers; finest mineral water in the south, ten pins and everything that a reasonable man can desire. Prices very low. W. D. YOUNG, Owner and Proprietor. June 26-27.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, NEW YORK. This Aristocratic Hotel will OPEN June 30th. Terms, \$14 per week and upwards. For particulars apply to J. H. GREGORY, Proprietor. June 26-27. June 26-27. June 26-27.

Ocean Hotel, Brunswick, Ga.

This hotel has changed hands and is now being run by the owners. It will be run to suit the traveling public. We will rent it to a satisfactory tenant at a reasonable price. Parties wanting to rent it will apply to G. W. D. Cook at the hotel in Brunswick, or to George Winslip, Atlanta, Ga. July 2-31.

HOTEL BELMONT, Asheville, N. C. First-class hotel, with all modern improvements. Fine grounds and wood park. Special electric car from depot and city. Perfect plumbing. Own electric elevator. Bowling, billiard hall, grandstands, etc. For particulars apply to J. H. STEELE, Mgr., (late Mgr. of Battery Park Hotel.)

Montgomery White Sulphur Springs, Montgomery County, Va. Opens June 15, 1892.

Narrow gauge railroad connects with the Norfolk and Western railroad at Montgomery station, formerly Big Tunnel. Circulars at depot. For particulars apply to GEORGE W. FAGG, Proprietor. may 28-29.

Salt Springs Hotel, AT—LITHIA SPRINGS, GA. Is now open, under the management of Mrs. Partell; everything first-class. Board, \$30 per month, or \$20 a couple. Special rates for families. Excursions Saturday and Sunday can get dinner at 50 cents.

Orkney Springs and Baths, Shenandoah Co., Va. Opens June 22nd under the management of Joseph Dorsey, formerly of Barnum's hotel, Baltimore. Moderate prices. Send for circular. Professor Hoffman's Washington orchestra engaged. June 11-25th.

BATTERY PARK HOTEL Asheville, North Carolina.

Open throughout the year. Elevation 2,900 feet above sea level. Summer temperature of 65 degrees. Most magnificent scenery and climate east of Mississippi river. The hotel has been recently completely renovated, repainted, recarpeted and repaired in every way, at a cost of nearly \$50,000.

Best equipped hotel in the south—hydraulic elevators, electric bells and lights, music, ballroom, tennis court, bowling alley and ladies' billiard parlor. Beautiful drives and first-class livery. Cuisine excellent; service splendid.

The hotel, located upon a plateau covering 12 acres, 100 feet above the city, is a 5 minutes' walk of postoffice, churches and special trains leaving for the best resorts of George Vanderbilt's palace. Special electric cars to hotel from all trains. For particulars apply to E. F. McKISSICK, Manager. June 29-30.

New Holland Springs (near Gainesville, Ga.) THE MOST beautiful and coolest resort in Georgia. Hotel and cottages furnished with new beds and new linen. Dining room supplied with new silver and glassware.

Made by Beards' orchestra, of Augusta (acknowledged everywhere and by everybody to be the best in the south). For terms address J. C. B. THOMAS, Manager. may 25-26-27-28-29-30-31-1892.

FOR SUMMER WEAR Goods you want right away. The styles will tempt you. The prices will urge you.

Men's Suits, Light Coats and Vests, Boy's Suits, Fancy Vests, Extra Pants, Negligee Shirts. ALL KINDS, ALL SIZES.

HIRSCH BROS., CLOTHIERS AND TAILORS. 42 WHITEHALL STREET.

THE BROWN & KING SUPPLY COMPANY. MACHINERY AND TOOLS. Plumbers', Steam and Gas Fitters' Supplies. BELTING, HOSE AND PACKING. ATLANTA, GA.

SCIPLE SONS, Office: No. 8 Loyd Street, Atlanta, Ga.

THE INK USED ON THIS PAPER IS FROM PETER LYNCH

95 Whitehall and 7 Mitchell Sts. And Branch Store 301 Peters Street.

Has on hand and to arrive 100 gross fruit jars such as Mason's metal top, Mason's improved, Glassboro improved, Woodbury and Milville. Pints, quarts and half gallons; also extra rubbers and fixtures for all the jars. 50 barrels jelly tumblers, 1-3 and 1-2 pints; 1,000 pounds fresh turnip seeds, assorted; field and garden seeds of all kinds in their proper seasons. Also boots and shoes; hardware, hollowware, leather and harness; and other large varieties of other goods too numerous to mention here.

P. L. Lynch has the usual amount and large and varied stock of fine wines and liquors at his 95 Whitehall street store. Terms cash.

THE STANDARD PRINTING INK CO. NO. 108 CANAL STREET, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

THE TRIPOD PAINT CO., MANUFACTURERS OF PURE READY-MIXED PAINTS.

Piedmont White Lead, "Etoile" One-Coat Carriage Paints, "Adamant" Floor Paint, Oil Wood Stains, Pure Colors in Oil, Graining Colors, Etc., Etc., Dealer in PAINTERS' AND ARTISTS' SUPPLIES, Varnishes, Window Glass, Cement, Etc., Etc.

FACTORY, 375 Decatur Street. STORE AND OFFICE, 56 and 58 Marietta Street.

EISEMAN BROS.

A gentleman friend of ours having his horse shod by a country blacksmith, said to him: "How is business?" He answered: "Very poor, very poor."

"What's the matter?" "Why, haven't you noticed we've had no flies this summer? The horses haven't kicked enough to wear out their shoes." That won't hold good in our sales of Summer Clothing. We can't make them fast enough.

BROKEN LOTS MUST GO! THEY CAN'T BE CARRIED OVER.

Suits for men worth \$10.00, \$11.50, \$12.50, \$13.50, \$15.00, \$16.00, \$17.50 and some as high as \$18.00, will be sold this week at \$9.90.

The price will make this fresh batch of bargains dwindle. They are at dead low water mark.

SPECIAL FOR THIS WEEK 1-3 OFF ONE-THIRD OFF 1-3 OFF

ON ALL CHILDREN'S SUITS EXCEPTING WASH GOODS.

It will be dollars in your pockets to come and profit by this liberal sale. You never saw such fine goods at such reduced prices.

EISEMAN BROS. 15-17 WHITEHALL ST.

VOL. XXIV.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 3, 1892.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

KEELY COMPANY.

CONTINUATION OF THE CONCESSION SALE.

THE SECOND WEEK GREATER THAN THE FIRST—GRAND CLEARANCE SALE.

BARGAINS OF PRONOUNCED WORTH ABOUND HERE.

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS FOR MONDAY—YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO SKIP THESE BARGAINS.

It will be unwise for you to miss the chances of this week. Oftener than you think half the month-ago-money is enough to take your choice with. We are in tip-top shape to care for the crowds. Plenty of bright light, broad aisles, attentive salespeople and ample move-about space. The current sale of the season has been embellished by an array of merchandise from overloaded jobbers, hard-up importers and nervous manufacturers. Everything goes at wonderfully low prices.

First come, first served, will be good to remember just now. The store is crammed with all sorts of economies, and money can be made by being prompt. First comers will reap a harvest. No old, warmed-over, undesirable goods, but the very newest, freshest and best styles that the market contains. You may come with high expectations. The reality will not be disappointing. Everything prepared to astound you with wonderful and powerful bargains.

Large variety China Silks with dark grounds and bright figures.

Regular price 65c; down to 39c.

Striped Wash Silks, including the daintiest and best colorings.

Regular price 75c; down to 49c.

Real Imported French Wash Silks, 30 inches wide, delicate styles.

Regular price \$1.00; down to 69c.

Fancy Parasols, in light and dark colors and the latest shapes.

Regular price \$4.50; down to \$1.50.

Novelty Parasols, paragon frames and various beautiful handles.

Regular price \$6.50; down to \$2.50.

All-wool French Challis, newest tints, most graceful designs.

Regular price 75c; down to 39c.

Imported French Organdie, exquisite printing, twelve colorings.

Regular price 50c; down to 24c.

Over five hundred pieces Batiste, Pongee and Pineapple Tissue.

Regular price 12c; down to 7c.

Genuine Glasgow Gingham; Anderson's choicest and best styles.

Regular price 40c; down to 19c.

Limited quantity Imported Novelty French Gingham, best grade.

Regular price 60c; down to 25c.

Five thousand yards goods American Dress Gingham; plaids.

Regular price 8c; down to 5c.

Ten thousand yards factory remnants India Lawns; new goods.

Regular price 8c; down to 3½c.

Six thousand yards clean and fresh Checked Nainsook; bargain.

Regular price 7c; down to 3½c.

Six hundred Women's well-made, Colored Shirt Waists; fine styles.

Regular price 75c; down to 49c.

Fifty dozen Men's good, linen bosom White Shirts; unlaundered.

Regular price 50c; down to 35c.

Elegant assortment rich and handsome Beaded Capes for women.

Regular price \$7.50; down to \$1.00.

Large sized genuine French Marseilles Bed Quilts; ten dozen.

Regular price \$2.50; down to \$1.25.

Fifty cartons of No. 9 Silk Ribbon in all the latest colorings.

Regular price 20c; down to 10c.

Immense variety Chiffon Lace, different widths and tints.

Regular price 65c; down to 49c.

Ziegler Bros.' Oxford Ties in every wanted style and size.

Regular price \$3.00; down to \$2.00.

Fine Black Hose; warranted not to stain or crock.

Regular price 20c; down to 12½c.

We begin taking stock on the 10th of the present month. In the interval every nerve is strained to reduce each department. Profits are things of the past. Even cost in many instances is not considered. We must clear out the goods. That's the only aim and effort of trading these days—from our standpoint. It's getting hot, hotter, hottest, and we want to hustle out Summer stocks in order to rearrange, readjust and reorganize for the needs of another season.

KEELY COMPANY.

To accommodate visitors and others, Carmencita, Gautier and Deshon, the great, 11 o'clock matinee and nightly.

THE DRESDEN

RECEIVER'S SALE

WILL CONTINUE.

We have a few very fine H. & Co. decorated Dinner Sets that will be sold out this week. They must be sold at some price, and the highest bid gets them. This is an auction sale carried on in a private way, and the people will do well to visit the store this week, for we are going to give some big bargains in the Dinner Sets, fine Chamber sets, fine Tin Sets, Library Lamps, stand Lamps, Hall Lamps, Feather brushes, Tinware, Hearth Brushes, brooms, brushes, Counter Brushes, askets of all kinds and sizes, Bird cages, Blue Steel Ware, fancy Cups and Saucers, fancy Mugs, etc.

PITCHERS!

The biggest line of Glass Pitchers, China Pitchers, English Granit Pitchers, C. C. Pitchers, White China Pitchers, Flemish Pitchers, Royal Flemish Pitchers. These Pitchers are going to be sold this week at some price, so come and get one.

TOYS.

This is a little out of season for Toys, but we have a large lot on hand and the court says they must be sold, so you may get just what you want in this line at your own price.

Our wholesale line is not as complete as it might be, but the merchants would do well to call and see our stock, as we are determined to close out this line this week.

H. F. GOLIGHTLY, Receiver.

ATLANTA

Glass Company Property FOR SALE.

Splendid Opportunity to Start a Paying Glass Manufacturing Business

By virtue of an order from the superior court of Fulton county, Georgia, bids will be received by me on the whole of the property of said Atlanta Glass Company as an entirety, including its realty, or factory site, buildings, walls, lears, moulds, raw material, pot shell, scrap iron, glasshouse pots, loose bricks, stones and all other property belonging to said glass company on its factory site. Also bids will be received upon the different parts of said property. All of said bids to be sealed and sent to me by 8 o'clock on the 14th day of July, 1892, to be reported to said court for acceptance or rejection. Terms cash.

This offers an admirable opportunity to secure a fine glass paying business.

Atlanta, Ga., July 3, 1892.

EDMUND W. MARTIN, Receiver Atlanta Glass Co., Atlanta, Ga. July 3-4129

Parsons & Bostick,

2 SOUTH BROAD ST.,

Real Estate Agents

Mineral, Timber, Country and City Lands for Sale.

No. 192—Splendid lot on Loyd street, elegant modern improvements. The choice of this street.

No. 189—Choice 7-room house; new, on Forest avenue, with all modern improvements; street paved.

One lot, 60x140, on Currier street; choice.

No. 259—New 7-room house, on Mills, corner lot, surroundings good.

No. 207—Splendid 4-room house, corner, with 2-room house on lot, Stonewall street; ask for price; cheap enough for any one.

No. 215—Elegant 11-room house, with vacant lot adjoining on Williams street; easy terms, and very cheap.

may 29-30a wed

Special Carmencita

matinee Monday at 11.

Veterans' Picnic. Don't miss the fun, July 4, 1892, Monday next, at Iceville. W. and A. R. R. 3 trains.

June 28-44

23 Hayden Street

Will be sold at auction on Tuesday next at courthouse door; executor's sale. Call for pick.

see 228 G. W. ADAMS.

THE FAIR

THE GREAT DISCOUNT SALE CONTINUES.

THE FAIR

WE'VE GOT TO CLOSE OUT BLOCKS OF GOODS.

WE MUST BE READY SOON.

Our lease on the building next to us forces us to be in haste. We shall keep our present stores and add the new store. The great discounts now given at The Fair are the

Most Sweeping Discounts Ever Offered.

10 per cent discount straight off all Linens.
10 per cent discount straight off all Crockery.
25 per cent discount straight off all Wool Dress Goods.
15 per cent discount straight off all Millinery.
25 per cent discount straight off all Silks.
10 per cent discount straight off all Gingham.
15 per cent discount straight off all Muslin Underwear.
10 per cent discount straight off all Cutlery.
10 per cent discount straight off all Men's Furnishings.
10 per cent discount straight off all White Goods.

A Few Specials for Tomorrow at The Fair.

Fruit Jars, Mason's, 9c.
Cuticura Soap, 10c.
Ladies' Ribbed Vests, 5c.
Boy's Shirt Waists, 12 1-2c.
Wide all-silk Ribbon, 10c.
\$1 Silk Grenadine for 48c.
Fast black Dress Lawns at 9c.
Black Silk Mitts at 15c.
Fine Pearl Buttons at 10c.
Pins at 1c paper, and thousands of good things to close out in preparation of our change.

THE FAIR.

GREAT MIDSUMMER SALE

—OF—

FURNITURE, CARPETS,

MANTELS.

We are offering great reductions in Leather Chairs and Library Suits, Sideboards and Extension Tables. If you have the CASH you can buy these goods at off prices. They must all go. If you need any goods, don't delay in looking at our wares.

Andrew J. Miller's Estate,

60 AND 62 PEACHTREE STREET.

Statement of the condition of the
American Trust and Banking Company,

At close of business on the 30th day of June, 1892.

RESOURCES.	LIABILITIES.
Notes and bills discounted. \$ 897,132.13	Capital stock, paid up. \$ 500,000.00
Overdrafts. 10,215.00	Surplus. 20,000.00
Bonds, stocks or other securities. 1,472.71	Undivided profits. 21,500.00
Furniture and fixtures. 2,312.45	Due banks and bankers in the
Due from state banks & bankers. 24,231.87	state. 24,663.68
Due from New York banks. 222,754.75	Due banks and bankers without
Cash on hand. 190,215.50	the state. 4,180.10
Other cash items. 7,500.00	Due unpaid dividends. 15,000.00
	Due depositors, viz—
	Subjects to check. \$704,143.48
	Demands certifi- 34,447.30
	cates. 130.38
	Cashier's checks.
	\$738,721.16— 738,721.16
	Real estate mortgages negotiated. 41,000.00
	\$1,264,823.50— \$1,264,823.50

STATE OF GEORGIA, FULTON COUNTY—Before me came Edward S. Pratt, cashier of American Trust and Banking Co., who, being duly sworn, says the above statement is a true condition of said bank as shown by the books of the said bank.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of June, 1892.

CHARLES L. EYAN, Notary Public, Fulton Co., Ga.

THE BEACH OF FALESA.

Narrative of a South Sea Trader.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Copyrighted by The Constitution.
CHAPTER I.
A South Sea Island.

I saw that island first when it was neither light nor morning. The moon was to the west, setting, but still broad and bright. To the east, and right amidships of the dawn, which was all pink, the daystar sparkled like a diamond. The land breeze blew in our faces, and smelt strong of wild lime and vanilla; other things besides, but these were the most plain, and the chill of it set me shivering. I should say I had been for years on a low island near the line, living for the most part solitary among natives. Here was a fresh experience; even the tongue would be quite strange to me; and the look of these woods and mountains, and the rare smell of them, renewed my blood.

The captain blew out the binnacle lamp. "There!" said he, "there goes a bit of smoke, Mr. Wiltshire, behind the break of the reef. That's Falea, where your station is, the last village to the east; nobody lives to windward—I don't know why. Take my glass, and you can make the houses out."

I took the glass; and the shores leaped

he was fond of his wife and kind to her. She was a Samoa woman, and dyed her hair red, Samoa style; and when he came to die (as I have to tell of) they found one strange thing—that he had made a will, like a Christian, and the widow got the lot; all his, they said, and all Black Jack's and the most of Billy Randall's in the bargain, for it was Case that kept the books. She went off home on the schooner Manu'a, and does the lady to this day in her own place.

But of all this on that first morning I knew no more than a fly. Case used me like a gentleman and like a friend, made me welcome to Falea and put his services at my disposal, which was the more helpful from my ignorance of the natives. All the earlier part of the day we sat drinking better acquaintance in the cabin, and I never heard a man talk more to the point. There was no snarling trader, and none dodger, in the islands. I thought Falea seemed to be the right kind of a place, and the more I drank the lighter my heart. Our last trader had died the place at half an hour's notice, taking a chance passage in a labor ship from up west. The captain, when he came, had found the station closed; the keys left with the native pastor and a letter from the runaway, confessing he was fairly frightened of his life. Since then the firm had not been represented, and of course there was no cargo. The whim, however, was fair. The captain hoped he could make his next island by dawn, with a good tide, and the business of landing my trade was gone

for a moment and was gone. Then a stood with her head bent and heard Case to an end, spoke back in the pretty Falea voice, looking him full in the face, and he again in answer, and then we an obsequious started off. I had just share of the bow, but never another at of her eye, and there was no more of smiling, and there was no more of smiling.

"I guess it's all right," said Case. I guess you can have her. I'll make square with the old lady. You can have your pick of the lot for a plug of tobacco," he added, sneering.

I suppose it was the smile stuck in my memory, for I spoke back sharp. "Doesn't look that sort," I cried.

"I don't know that she is," said Case. "I believe she's as right as the m. Keeps to herself, don't go round with a lot of that. Oh, no, don't you understand me. Uma's on the square! He spoke eager, I thought, and that surprised and pleased me. "Indeed," he went on, "I shouldn't make so sure of getting her, only she cottoned to the cut of my jib. All you have to do is to keep it and let me work the mother my own way; and I'll bring the girl round to the o-sain's for the marriage."

I didn't care for the word marriage, and I said so.

"Oh, there's nothing to hurt in the marriage," says he. "Black Jack's the ch-lin."

By this time we had come in view of a house of these three white men; for a new house, a white man, and so it was. Case! A strange idea, but common in the islands. It was a board house, with a strip of rickety veranda. The store was on the belly, with a counter, scales and a finest possible display of trade—a case of two tinned meats, a barrel of bread, a few bolts of cotton stuff, not to compared with mine, the only thing worth represented being three tin snips and a liquor. "If these are my only rivals," I thought, "I should do well in Falea."

Indeed, there was only the one way to touch me, and that was with a gun and drink.

In the back room was old Captain Ra-

were on the floor, and a litter of pans and dishes. There was no standing furniture, Randall, when he was violent, tearing it to bits. There I sat, and had a meal which was served us by Case's wife, and there I was entertained all day by that remains of man, his tongue stumbling among low old jokes and long old stories, and his old

men, but of the missionaries. If they had let the natives be, I had never needed this deception, but taken all the wives I wished, and left them when I pleased with a clear conscience.

The more ashamed I was, the more hurry I was in to be gone; and our desire thus jumping together, I made the less remark



GUIDING ME THROUGH THE EDGE OF THE BUSH.

whispery laughter always ready, so that he was a man of my expression. He was slipping on all the while. Sometimes he fell asleep, and awoke again whimpering and shivering, and every now and again he would say, "My friend, I was telling myself all day, 'you must not be an old gentleman like this.'"

It might have been 4 o'clock in the afternoon, perhaps, when the back door was thrust slowly open, and a strange old native woman crawled into the house almost on her belly. She was swathed in black stuff to her heels; her hair was gray in swathes; her face was tattooed, which was not the practice in that island; her eyes were big and bright and crazy.

These stared upon me with a rapid expression that I saw to be in part acting. She said no plain word, but snatched and mumbled, and her hands were busy, and like a child over its Christmas pudding. She came straight across the house, heading for me, and as soon as she was alongside caught up my hand and purred and crooned over it like a great cat. From this she slipped into a kind of a song.

"Who in the devil's this?" cried I, for the thing startled me.

"You ain't afraid of her?" I cried.

"No," said the captain. "My dear friend, I defy her. I don't let her put her foot in here. Only I suppose it's different today for the marriage. 'S Uma's mother."

"Well, suppose it is; what's she carrying on about?" I asked, more irritated, perhaps more frightened than I cared to show, and the captain told me she was making up a quantity of poetry in my praise because I was to marry Uma. "All right, old lady," says I, with rather a failure of a laugh, "anything to do with her bare feet, you're doing with my hand you might let me know."

She did as though she understood; the song rose into a cry and stopped; the woman came in, and must have plunged straight into the bush, for when I followed her to the door she had already vanished.

"These are rum manners," said I.

"S a rum crowd," said the captain, and to my surprise he made the sign of the cross on his hairy bosom.

"Hillo," said I, "are you a Papist?"

He repudiated the idea with contempt. "Hardshell Baptist," said he. "But my dear friend, the Papist's got some good ideas, too; and th' 's one of 'em. You take my advice and whenever you come across Uma or Faavao or Vigora, or any of that crowd, you take a least some of the priests, and what I do, 's carry 'em."

Repeating the sign and winking his dim eye at me. "No air," he broke out again, "the Papists here," and for a long time entertained me with his religious opinions.

I must have been taken with Uma from the first, or I should certainly have fled from that house and got into some clean air, and she was a woman of a different order, though it's true, I was committed to Case; and, besides, I could never have held my

of a change in the traders. Case had been all eagerness to keep me, as though he had attained a purpose, seemed all eagerness to have me go. Uma, he said, could show me to my house, and the three bade us farewell in good cheer.

The night was nearly come; the village smelt of trees and flowers and the sea and the broad fruit cooking; there came a fine roll of sea from the reef, and from a distance, among the woods and houses, many pretty sounds of men and children. It did me good to breathe free air; it did me good to be done with the captain and see, instead, the creature at my side. I felt for all the world as though the were some girl at home in the old country, and, forgetting myself for the minute, took her hand to walk with. Her fingers nestled into mine, I heard her breathe deep and quick, and all at once she caught my hand to her face and pressed it there. "You good," she cried, and ran ahead of me, and stopped and looked back and smiled, and ran ahead of me again, thus guiding me through the edge of the bush, and by a quiet way to my own house.

The truth is, Case had done the courting for me in style—told her I was mad to have her, and cared nothing for the consequences; and the poor soul, knowing that which I was still ignorant of, believed it, every word and had her head high turned with vanity and gratitude. Now, of all this I had no guess; I was one of those most opposed to any nonsense about native women, having seen so many whites eaten by their wives' relatives, and made fools of in the bargain; and I told myself I must take stand at once and bring her to her bearings. But she looked so quaint and pretty as she ran away and then awaited me, and the thing was done so like a child or a kind dog that the best I could do was just to follow her whenever she went on, to listen for the fall of her bare feet, and to watch in the dust for the shining of her body. And there was another thought came in my head. She played kitten with me now when we were alone; but in the house she had carried it the way a countess might, so proud and humble. And what with her dress—for all there was so little of it, and that native enough—what with her fine tips and fine scents, and her red flowers, and seeds, that were quite as bright as jewels, only larger—it came over me she was a kind of countess at a glance, and no even mate for a poor trader like myself.

She was the first in the house, and while I was still without I saw a match dash and the lamplight kindle in the windows. The station was a wonderful fine place, coral built, with quite a wide veranda, and the main room high and wide. My chest and cases had been piled in, and made rather a mess; and there, in the thick of the confusion, stood Uma by the table awaiting me. Her shadow went in her hair, up behind her side, and she stood in the hollow of the iron roof; she stood against it bright, the lamplight shining on her skin. I stopped in the door, and she looked at me, and speaking with eyes and nose eager and yet haunted; then she touched herself on the bosom. "Me—your wife," she said. It had never taken me like

that before, but the want of her took and shook all through me like the wind in the luff of a sail.

I could not speak if I had wanted; and if I could, I would not. I was ashamed to be so much moved about a native—ashamed of the marriage, too, and the certificate she had treasured in her bosom, and the way she had made believe to rummage among my cases. The first thing I lighted on was a case of sin, the only one that I had brought; and, partly for the girl's sake and partly for horror of the recollections of old Randall, took a sudden resolve. I prayed the lid off. One by one I drew the cork from the bottles with a pocket cork-screw and sent Uma out to pour the stuff from the veranda.

She came back after the last and looked at me puzzled like.

"Why you do that?" she asked.

"No good," said I, for I was now a little better master of my tongue. "Man he drink, he no good."

She agreed with this, but kept considering. "Why you bring him?" she asked presently. "Suppose you no want drink, you no bring him, I think."

"That's all right," I said. "One time I want drink too much; now he want. You see, I no carry I get one little wine. Suppose I drink gin, my little wife he bring. To speak to her kindly was about what

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SHE PURRED AND GROINED OVER IT LIKE A GREAT CAT.

hearer, and I saw the tangle of the woods and the breach of the surf, and the brown roofs and the black insides of houses peeped among the trees.

"Do you catch a bit of white there to the eastward?" the captain continued. "That's your house. Coral built, stands high, best station in the south Pacific. When old Adams saw it he took and shook me by the hand, 'I've dropped into a soft thing here,' says he. 'So you have,' says I, 'and time, too.' Poor Johnny! I never saw him again but once, and then he had changed his tune—couldn't get on with the natives, or the whites, or something; and the next time we came round there he was dead and buried. I took and put up a bit of stick to him; 'John Adams, old eighteen and eighty-eight. Go thou and do likewise.' I missed that man. I never could see much harm in Johnny."

"What did he die of?" I inquired.

"Some kind of sickness," said the captain. "It appears it took him sudden. Seems he got up in the night and filled up on Pain Killers and Keel's discovery. No go!—he was booked beyond Kennedy. Then he had tried to open a case of gin. No go again—not strong enough. Then he must have turned to aid run out on the veranda, and capsize over the rail. When they found him, the next day, he was clean crazy—carried on all the time about somebody watering his copra. Poor John."

"Was it thought to be the island?" I asked.

"Well, it was thought to be the island, or the trouble, or something," he replied. "I never could hear but what it was a healthy place. Our last man, Vigours, never turned a hair. He left because of the beach—said he was afraid of Black Jack and Case and Whistling Jimmie, who was still alive at the time, but got drowned soon afterward when drunk. As for old Captain Randall, he's been here any time since eighteen-forty, forty-five, never could see much harm in Billy, nor much change. Seems as if he might live to be Old Katofoleum. No, I guess it's healthy."

"There's a bout coming now," said I. "She's right in the pass, looks to be a sixteen-foot whale; two white men in the stern sheets."

"That's the boat that drowned Whistling Jimmie!" cried the captain. "Let's see the glass. Yes, that's Case, sure enough, and the darky. They've got a gallow's bad reputation, but you know what a place the beach is for talking. My belief, that Whistling Jimmie was the worst of the trouble; and he's gone to glory, you see. What'll you bet they ain't after gin? Lay you five to two they take six cases."

When these two traders came aboard I was pleased with the looks of them at once, or, rather, with the looks of both and the speech of one. I was sick for white neighbors after my four years at the line, which I always counted years of prison; getting taboos and going down to the beach to see and get it taken off; buying gin and going on a bark, and then repenting; sitting in my house at night with the lamp for company, or walking on the beach and wondering what kind of a fool to call myself for being where I was. There were no whites upon my island, when I sailed to the next, rough customers made the most of the society. Now, to see these two when they came aboard was a pleasure. One was a negro, to be sure, but they were both rigged out smart in striped pyjamas and straw hats, and Case would have passed muster in a city. He was yellow and smallish, had a hawk's nose to his face, pale eyes, and his beard trimmed with scissors. No man knew his country, beyond he was of English speech; and it was clear he came of a good family and was splendidly educated. He was accomplished, too; played the accordion first rate; and gave him a piece of string or a cork or a pack of cards, and he could show you tricks equal to any professional. He could speak, when he chose it, for a drawing room, and when he chose he could blaspheme worse than a yachting captain, and talk smart to sicken a Kanaka. The way he thought would pay best at the moment, that was Case's way, and it always seemed to come natural, and like as if he were born to it. He had the courage of a lion and the cunning of a rat; and if he's not in hell today, there's no such place. I know but one good point to the man—that

about lively. There was no call for me to fool with it, Case said, nobody would touch my things, every one was honest in Falea, only about chickens or an odd knife or an odd stick of tobacco, and the best I could do was to sit quiet till the vessel left, then come straight to his house, see Captain Randall, the father of the beach, take pot luck, and go home to sleep when it got dark. So it was high noon and the schooner was under way before I set foot on shore at Falea.

I had a glass or two on board; I was just off a long cruise, and the ground heaved under me like a ship's deck. The world was like all new painted; my foot went along to music; Falea might have been Fiddler's Green, if there is such a place, and more's the pity if there isn't! It was good to foot the grass, to look aloft at the green mountains, to see the men with their green wreaths and the women in their bright dresses, red and blue. On we went, in the strong sun and the cool shadow, liking both;

dall, squatting on the floor native fashion, fat and pale, naked to the waist, gray as a badger, and his eyes set with drink. His body was covered with gray hair, and crawled over by flies; one was in the corner of his eye—he never heeded; and the mosquitoes hummed about the man like bees. Any clean-minded man would have fled from the creature at once and buried him; and to see him, and think he was seventy, and remember he had once commanded a ship, and came ashore in his smart toga, and talked big in bars and cosmopolites, and sat in club verandahs, turned me sick and sober.

He tried to get up when I came in, but that was hopeless; so he reached me a hand instead, and said in club verandahs, turned me sick and sober.

"Papa's pretty full this morning," observed Case. "We've had an epidemic here; and Captain Randall takes gin for a prophylactic—don't you, papa?"

"Never took such a thing in my life," cried the captain indignantly. "Take gin

for my health's sake, Mr. What-ever-you-name's a precautionary measure."

"That's all right, papa," said Case. "But you'll have to brace up. There's going to be a marriage—Mr. Wiltshire here is going to get applied."

The old man asked to whom.

"Uma," said Case. "What's he want Uma for? 's he come here for his health, any way? What 's want Uma for?"

"Dry up, papa," said Case. "Taint you that's to marry her. I guess you're not her godfather and godmother. I guess Mr. Wiltshire's going to please himself."

With that he made an excuse to me that he must move about the marriage, and left me alone with the poor wretch that was his partner (and to speak the truth) his gull. Trade and station belonged both to Randall; Case and the negro were parasites; they crawled and fed upon him like the flies, he none the wiser. Indeed, I have no harm to say of Billy Randall beyond the fact that my gutter runs at him, and the time I now passed in his company was like a nightmare.

The room was stifling hot and full of flies; for the house, dirty and low and small, and stood in a bad place, behind the village, in the borders of the bush, and sheltered from the trade. The three seats were

and all the children in the town came trotting after us with their shaven heads and their brown bodies, and raising a thin kind of a cheer in our wake, like crowsing poultry.

"By the by," says Case, "we must get you a wife."

"That's so," said I. "I had forgotten."

"There was a crowd of girls about us, and I pulled myself up and looked among them like a Bashan. They were all dressed out for the sake of the ship being in; and the women of Falea are a handsome lot to see. If they have a fault, they are a trifle broad in the beam, and I was just thinking so when Case touched me."

"That's pretty," says he.

I saw one coming on the other side alone. She had been fishing. She was young and very slender for an island maid, with a long face, a high forehead, and a shy, strange, bluish look, between a cat's and a baby's.

"Who is she?" said I. "She'll do."

"That's Uma," said Case, and he called her up and spoke to her in the native. I didn't know what he said; but when he was in the midst she looked at me quick and timid like a child, dodging a blow, then she came down again, and presently smiled. She had a wide mouth, the lips and the chin cut like a statue's, and the smile came out

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"That's

Rev. T. A. Higdon, of Tallapoosa, Ga., has been called to the Seventh Baptist church here. He will assume the duties of pastor at once.

General C. A. Evans will preach at Park street church next morning.

"How to Be Great" will be the theme of Dr. Hawthorne's anniversary sermon at the First Baptist church to-day.

IT STARTS NICELY.

The Atlanta Commercial Club, That

Is,

A NEAT SUM IN THE TREASURY.

And a Roll Containing the Names of Some of the Best Business Men of the City.

More than ten thousand dollars— That is, to say the least of it, a magnificent showing for about ten days' work.

With two hundred members and more as a nucleus, these the very best citizens of Atlanta, the success of the Commercial Club is absolutely assured; it can already be counted as one of Atlanta's permanent and prominent institutions.

Yes, thanks to the energy of the gentlemen who have been the leading spirits in its organization, it has come to stay. And that the new club will be a decided factor in the city's future growth and prosperity goes without saying.

For permanent organization, the members of the club will meet at the Chamber of Commerce for permanent organization.

Started a few days ago with a nominal membership of twenty or thirty gentlemen who attended a meeting called for the purpose of discussing the feasibility of organizing such a club, the membership roll has increased day by day until it is now assured that permanent organization will be effected with more than two hundred members enrolled. This means, as has been stated, more than ten thousand dollars in the treasury. And with that sum the club quarters in the Chamber of Commerce building can be made as handsome as any clubrooms in the country.

Tuesday's meeting will be an important one and all members are urged to be present.

The Club—Its Purposes.

The need of an organization of this kind, combining all the will, the practical as well as the social, has for a long time been recognized by the business and professional men of Atlanta, but never before have the times been exactly ripe for it. The officers of the Chamber of Commerce recognized this need when the present building was erected, and with that end in view, the two upper floors were constructed. The object and purpose of this club is to effect through a pleasant medium an enlarged acquaintance, and promote a beneficial intercourse amongst the best classes of Atlanta citizens, and to aid in advancing the material interests and general welfare of the city. The membership is composed of our very best citizens, and in addition to the benefit derived from it, it will be considered an honor to be connected with this organization. The club will, of course, be elegant in every particular, will be an elegant social club, and will be especially companionable. It is expected that provision will be made for a large non-resident membership, this to consist principally of the leading merchants, manufacturers, and leading citizens of adjacent cities and towns who frequently visit Atlanta. The advantages of such a membership, and the advantage to such members must be apparent to all.

A Word About the Rooms.

When it was proposed to fit up the two upper floors of the Chamber of Commerce building as club rooms, there were a few doubting Thomases. These people did not know that one of the best architects in Atlanta had arranged these floors for this special purpose. A visit to the rooms will make an immediate convert of any skeptic.

A Constitution man who went through the building yesterday was surprised to find how few doubting Thomases there were.

The broad stairways at both ends of the building, with two magnificent elevators, will lead you from either the Pryor or Hunter street entrance into a large vestibule. From this you enter a hall about ninety feet in length on the south side and in front of which are double parlors, 15x25 feet, library 15x40 feet, two or three smoking rooms each about fifteen feet square. On the north side is the superintendent's office, main dining hall, 15x25 feet, three supper or private dining rooms, each about fifteen feet square, large breakfast room 15x25 feet. The lavatory is also on this floor.

Ascend either by the elevator or the grand stairway to the second floor, and you enter a lobby or reception hall adjoining which will be the billiard room, 20x25 feet, and a smoking or lounging room about 20x25 feet. The barber and bath rooms, etc., are on this floor. East of the building on this floor is the large kitchen, 15x30 feet, adjoining which is the storeroom and steward's office. Then there is the club hall about the size of the Kimball house dining room, making a valuable addition for use on occasions.

These two stories are beautifully lighted from all the four sides of the building and the ventilation is perfect. It will be necessary to spend but little money in perfecting the arrangement of these rooms. That means that the greater part of the \$10,000 raised in our initiation fees will be spent in equipping and furnishing the rooms. The entire interior will be beautifully painted and frescoed and all the furnishings will be as elegant as money can buy. The rooms will be electrically lighted. The elevators—a new one is to be put in near the front entrance—are to be run by steam. The building will be heated by the same medium, and no expense will be spared to make the club rooms absolutely perfect.

The Club Membership. Mention has been made of the character of the club membership. This will be emphasized by the following list of present members:

A. D. Adair, Forrest Adair, G. B. Adair, George W. Adair, Alexander J. Anderson, Alexander M. F. Amos, Clifford L. Anderson, James A. Anderson, E. W. Anderson, Clarence Angier, D. W. Apple, H. M. Atkinson, H. R. Atwater, Samuel Barnett, J. Frank Beck, R. B. Bell, J. E. Bradley, J. S. Brandon, D. H. Browder, J. E. Brown, Julius L. Brown, W. S. Brown, Arnold Broyles, Rufus E. Bullock, J. E. Burns, A. Burns, M. C. Carroway, Edgar V. Carter, E. P. Chamberlin, R. C. Clarke, F. M. Coker, Jr., C. A. Cowan, W. H. Cresswell, W. H. Corrigan, William Cresswell, W. T. Cresswell, John A. Donovan, D. O. Dougherty, E. H. Douglas, Julius Dryden, G. H. DeLoach, Ed. R. DuBois, T. F. Corrigan, Gus T. Dodd, Marshall Eckford, B. J. Kissenman, James W. English, James E. English, F. E. Thomas, G. W. Erwin, R. R. Evans, G. R. Everett, W. S. Everett, A. J. McElrath, H. M. McKelldin, Floyd W. McElrath, W. H. McElrath, J. Martin, Edmund W. Martin, McAllen, B. Marsh, Thomas D. Meador, J. R. Mobley, W. J. Montgomery, J. M. O'Dell, J. L. Moore, John E. Murphy, T. B. Neal, L. Nelson, C. C. Nichols, G. L. Narrman, Charles S. Nichols, J. O. O'Dell, J. H. Lamar Ogden, J. G. Oglesby, J. K. Ohi, James P. O'Neill, Joseph T. Orme, John K. Outley, Thomas B. Paine, H. E. W. Payne, W. H. Patterson, J. Carroll Payne, W. L. Peet, W. H. H. Phelps, H. T. Phillips, Frank H. Potts, Henry Potts, J. W. Rankin, D. W. Pope, Willis E. Ragan, J. W. Rankin, Jr., W. C. Rawson, Morris Rich, Alonzo Richardson, R. B. Ridley, Paul Romano, L. Z. Hasser, Charles I. Ryan, John S. Ryan, A. Fall, T. J. Felder, J. C. Freeman, T. W. Garrett, J. E. Gales, R. W. G. Gary, W. H. Goodwin, James R. Gray, John M. Green, A. Gregg, Aaron Haas, Jacob Hana, W. C. Hale, W. E. Hammond, Charles E. Harman, George W. Harrison, J. C. Haskell, R. A. Humphill, J. A. H. Hill, J. C. Hill, J. W. Hill, James Hirsch, A. B. Hobbs, James George F. Howard, Colonel Albert Howell, Clark Howell, Evan P. Howell, Henry Jackson, W. C. Jarman, H. E. Johnson, Darwin O. Jones, Porter King, M. E. Kiser, J. Leander, J. F. Lester, J. R. Lester, W. B. Lowe, George S. Lowry, J. E. Lutz, H. A. Lutz, W. M. Scott, Burton Smith, J. W. Smith, Van H. Snow, H. D. Spalding, M. W. Spence, Albert S. Spence, J. P. Spence, J. G. Spence, Frank Thumacher, W. J. Thumacher, J. Thompson, H. H. Thurston, James A. Thor-

THE NAMES IN THE HATS

Came Mighty Near Having the Wrong Man Locked Up in the Asylum.

W. Trox Bankston, the versatile, genial, clever editor of The Ringgold News South, had a narrow escape from an indefinite imprisonment in the state insane asylum a day or two ago.

And it was the cunning work of the diseased mind of his brother, J. Montgomery Bankston.

J. Montgomery Bankston, like his brother, has a decided fondness for journalism and carries with it an ambition to scoop everything in the way of news in his bailiwick, whether it happened or whether it didn't happen.

J. Montgomery's devotion to his work was soundly returned. He never stopped to sleep and rarely ever ate, so assiduous was he when he went upon a chase for a piece of news. He worked day and night and refused to rest his physical condition demanded. This led to a partial paralysis of his mental faculties and necessitated a watchful care by his friends. Day after day he grew worse, and as the malady increased his ability to acquire news increased. He could grind out sensational murders, suicides or hangings that never occurred by the wholesale and illustrate them profusely. Prose or poetry were equally easy with him, and at a minute's notice he could dash off a verse or paragraph to suit any order.

A few days ago W. Trox decided that his brother was not in a condition to remain at large and concluded to get him into the asylum. Quietly he accomplished his purpose and then he wrote his brother to Milledgeville. That was no easy task, however. On Tuesday last he induced his brother to accompany him to Atlanta. And after they reached the city got him to Macon by representing that he had business there. From Macon he induced his brother to go with him to Milledgeville for some business. Some time ago W. Trox had his name printed and pasted it in his hat. J. Montgomery did the same. Soon after they reached Milledgeville J. Montgomery said: "Trox, let's trade hats."

Trox, to please his brother, made the exchange. Little dreaming the narrow escape he would have on account of it. After taking in everything about the city the two brothers went to the asylum, and as soon as they entered J. Montgomery was shown through. Finally he entered a room to inspect it, and instantly the door was locked.

"What the d—l does this mean?" he exclaimed as the bolt shot into the lock. The doctor explained the situation quickly, and J. Montgomery listened quietly until the end came. Then he remarked: "You are a good fellow, J. Montgomery Bankston, don't you?"

"Yes," said the doctor. "Well, that's J. Montgomery Bankston," he said, pointing to his brother. "I'm W. Trox Bankston, and I brought him here. I'm the one who made the arrangement with you. See?"

And as he spoke he lifted his hat from his head and held it so Dr. Powell could read the name in it.

"If you don't believe it look in his hat and you'll find that he's J. Montgomery Bankston."

W. Trox took off his hat he was wearing and in it was his brother's name.

"See?" exclaimed J. Montgomery. "The doctor did see and it took all of W. Trox's eloquence to make him see it otherwise."

ATLANTA'S DELMONICO.

Vignaux's Splendid Restaurant and the Fame It is Making.

This is the season of the year when the people of Atlanta flee away to the mountains and to the seashore. This is especially true of the ladies. The "stay at homes" always happen to be in the city. They cannot leave their business. With the exception of the restaurant, the men must have something to eat, and there is no place better prepared to serve them in a comfortable and fashionable way than Vignaux's restaurant, 16 Whitehall street.

This restaurant is built on a scientific plan so that no smoke or scent from the kitchen can be detected in the dining rooms. This is a feature that few restaurants have in this country, and the most delicate person can go into his dining room with the same degree of safety as if they were entering the private residence of the most wealthy. Furthermore, the dining rooms and parlors are kept delightfully cool.

Mr. Vignaux has made a reputation that reaches throughout the state as being a chef, and his table is the equal of any to be found in the large cities. He has the choicest foods and has them prepared in a most delightful manner.

He has in his employ a splendid French cook, as well as a first-class German cook, and is able to serve the public in any style asked for.

The ladies' parlor of his establishment is unique and very attractive. Every convenience is provided. Another excellent feature of this institution is that prompt and polite attention is shown the guests.

When you go there, you have to wait but a short time for your order. The service, the fare and everything is as clean as can be made, and it can justly be called the Delmonico of Georgia.

A NEW ENTERPRISE

Which Has Opened Its Doors for Business in Atlanta.

Mr. Robert S. Pringle, of South Carolina, who some time ago made Atlanta his home and is well and favorably known here, is now manager of the Atlanta branch of what is known as "The Consumers' Commercial Company," which now has offices in every city in the United States.

The Consumers' Commercial Company is a corporation organized for the purpose of obtaining and distributing information of every kind to the mercantile world and general public. The plan is entirely new and does not in any way compete with any organization for similar purposes now existing. This company is essentially a medium of information having no issues other than the delivery of information in response to direct inquiries. Information will be furnished from every part of the United States and the territories thereof. Merchants freely wish information other than that furnished particularly to the railroad, steamship and express companies, and the prices and values of real estate and merchandise in different localities, addresses, new interests and industries, developing, small business commissions executed, and a thousand and one other matters where heretofore rather than incur obligations from telegrams or fees, incurring heavy expense through the employment of irresponsible or unknown agents, matters of that kind have been either neglected or ignored, thereby depriving many of the invaluable and of great profit to the furtherance of their business.

Mr. Robert S. Pringle, the manager, a brilliant business man, has his offices at 23-1-2 West Alabama. The new enterprise which he represents will be welcomed in Atlanta.

The Exceeding Hot Weather

of the present summer is producing an alarming fatality from diarrhoea, cholera infantum, cholera morbus and dysentery. Every family and person ought to be provided with an effective preventive and cure for these diseases. Per-una never fails when used in time to cure the most severe cases of them. Thousands of lives are saved by this unfailing remedy in all acute diseases of the stomach and bowels. If you are not already acquainted with the wonderful virtues of Per-una in summer complaints, send for three lectures by Dr. R. S. Hartman, of Columbus, O., on acute diseases of the abdomen, which contain a description of the causes, symptoms, and cure of these dangerous and prevalent diseases. The lectures sent free to any address by the Per-una Manufacturing Company, Columbus, O.

A FREE TICKET

To Washington, Baltimore, New York

and Saratoga,

TO NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY.

More Than Five Hundred Teachers Going.

THE BUSINESS MEN'S OPPORTUNITY.

To Visit New York and the Large Eastern Cities—The Official of the Teachers' Association.

That is just what every teacher, and every business man, and every other person will do if they will stop for a moment to consider their own interests and that of their children and families.

It will be the best investment of your life and if you don't take advantage of our great offer and secure this, the greatest of all encyclopedias. You will return to your home sadder and poorer than those teachers and others who take advantage of an unparalleled offer. Now, suppose you are induced to take the great long trip of 1,500 miles that is advertised by some of the roads, what will be the result? You will spend for railroad and sleeping car fare alone more than we charge you for the encyclopedia, and after taking this great long jaunt of four or five days, the only thing that you will have seen of interest will be Niagara Falls. You will simply pass over a large scope of country, half of it at night, and cannot possibly stop over in any place long enough to see anything, and you will return home at least \$100 poorer than when you left, and all that you can say is that you have had a great long ride for your money.

Now, suppose you let your better judgment prevail and you take advantage of our great offer and purchase a set of the Americanized Encyclopedia. You will have a complete encyclopedia at the very low price of \$35—just what we are selling it for every day in the year as thousands of persons all over the south who have bought it and said that for a long time they will be the result? Why, you will be given a first class railroad ticket from Atlanta to Washington city, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Saratoga, and return by the great Richmond and Danville railroad, the shortest, best equipped and only direct line to Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Saratoga, and you will spend only one night on the road to Washington city, where you will be allowed to stop over two or three days. You will be able to see all the great cities and learn all about the greatest government in the world, and see and learn thousands of things that would be of incalculable value to you, that you could not see and learn anywhere else.

From there you would have a most delightful morning trip over the Pennsylvania railroad, and then you would be in the world, through Baltimore, Philadelphia, Newark and Jersey City to New York, and then have a ride up the famous Hudson river to Albany and Saratoga, and when you reached Saratoga you would not be all worn out from travel, but would be refreshed and prepared to enjoy yourself and learn some of the best things in the world. After the association is over, you could run over to Niagara some day at a slight cost and see the falls and return by the great Canadian route, and you would be all worn out from travel, but would be refreshed and prepared to enjoy yourself and learn some of the best things in the world. After the association is over, you could run over to Niagara some day at a slight cost and see the falls and return by the great Canadian route, and you would be all worn out from travel, but would be refreshed and prepared to enjoy yourself and learn some of the best things in the world.

If you take advantage of our offer you will be given a steamboat ride down the Hudson river from Albany to New York, and learn some of the best things in the world. After the association is over, you could run over to Niagara some day at a slight cost and see the falls and return by the great Canadian route, and you would be all worn out from travel, but would be refreshed and prepared to enjoy yourself and learn some of the best things in the world.

Many that contemplate going to Saratoga are not possessed of an abundance of wealth, and will no doubt leave loved ones at home to enjoy such a trip as they, but father, mother or brother, as the case may be, cannot afford to send all, so don't you think it would be the part of wisdom to write us once, so that we of our offer and give them this encyclopedia while you take the trip? We know you do, and will. Suppose you have got an old, out-of-date encyclopedia, wouldn't it be the part of common sense and generosity for you to take advantage of our offer and give your old encyclopedia, much less take the trip? Such a deed would afford you a thousand-fold more happiness than the pleasure you could possibly get out of all the routes.

Remember, we furnish you a set of the Encyclopedia in best binding at the regular price of \$35, and you will receive a return ticket from Atlanta to Saratoga and return free, good going, on any train, including the vestibule limited, from the 5th to the 15th of July and good returning on any train until the 15th of September. You have no other expense except the association fee of \$2, and sleeping car fare, which you can regulate to suit yourself and pocket, so that if you don't want to pay out over \$2 for that if you don't want to, as you are on the road only one night by the Richmond and Danville route.

Now, if you are going, don't put it off till the very last moment, but call at our office on Marietta, opposite the postoffice, and give in your order, or, if you live out of the city, write us once, so that we can procure your ticket and arrange for sleeper, if you want one, and have everything ready for you in ample time.

Remember, hundreds of teachers and others are taking advantage of our offer and it requires considerable time to fix up.

For further particulars call on or write to BEYFORD-CLARKE CO., 80 Marietta St., Atlanta, Ga.

THE WEEKLY EDITORS

They Will Soon Be on Their Way to the West—The Route They Take.

The weekly editors' trip west is being gotten up in fine shape. The convention will meet in Rome, Ga., next Monday week. The Romans are making extensive preparations for their reception and will make the editors have a jolly time during their sojourn in the Hill City. The route the party will go over is as follows:

Leave Rome 11:30 o'clock a. m. Wednesday, arrive at Marietta, Miss., 11:30 p. m. Wednesday, and leaving there arrive at New Orleans, La., 7 a. m. Thursday, arrive at Shreveport 9:10 a. m. Friday, arrive at Dallas 6:20 a. m. Friday, and leave Dallas 7:30 a. m. Sunday, arrive at El Paso, Tex., 12:40 p. m. Monday, leave El Paso 10:10 a. m. Tuesday, arrive at Albuquerque, N. M., 7:20 p. m. Tuesday, and leave at 7:35 p. m. Wednesday, arrive at Santa Fe, N. M., 11:35 p. m. Wednesday, and leave at 8:50 p. m. Thursday, arrive at Las Vegas, N. M., 1:30 a. m. Friday, leave at 1:15 a. m. Saturday, arrive at Trinidad, Col., 4:35 p. m. Saturday, leave 4:55 p. m. Sunday, arrive at Las Vegas, Col., 7:10 p. m. Sunday, leave at 8:55 p. m. Monday, leave Pueblo, Col., 11:30 p. m. Monday, leave 1:55 p. m. Tuesday, arrive Colorado Springs 2:30 p. m. Tuesday, leave 8:15 a. m. Wednesday, arrive at Denver 11 a. m. Wednesday, leave 8:40 Saturday, arrive Ft. Worth, Tex., 5:20 p. m. Sunday, leave 6:30 p. m. Monday, and arriving back at Rome, Ga., 3:30 p. m. Wednesday, just three weeks from the day they leave Rome.

This will cover about six thousand miles of travel over the most picturesque portion of the country.

The party will be royally entertained in most of the cities named.

The following letters show how much western people will do for them:

La Junta, Col., June 15, 1892—Charles D. Barker, Secretary Georgia Weekly Press Association, Atlanta, Ga. Dear Sir: Your communication of the 6th to Mayor Walker has been referred to the board of trade for their action and in reply would say we extend to your association a hearty invitation and would be pleased to entertain you while here. If you will inform me about what time you will be here, also how long you can remain, will make the necessary arrangements and will try and make it as pleasant as possible during your short stay. Let me hear from you as soon as possible. Yours very truly, R. B. DALTON.

East Las Vegas, N. M., June 11, 1892—Hon. Charles D. Barker, Secretary Georgia Weekly Press Association, Atlanta, Ga. Dear Sir: In answer to your favor of June 6th, am directed by resolution of the board of trustees of the town of East Las Vegas, N. M., to extend through you to the Georgia Weekly Press Association, an urgent invitation for the members of the association on their contemplated trip to the Pacific coast in July, to stop off and visit this young and growing city, and on behalf of the citizens generally of our town as well as the municipal officers, to do us the honor to accept of this invitation, and all great pleasure to extend to the Georgia Weekly Press Association and its members the best of our hospitality.

There is no doubt but what there is much in this, the land of the Montezumas that would be interesting to the members of the association, and if you will but advise us in time of the acceptance of this invitation, and inform us of the probable date when you will visit us, suitable and necessary arrangements will be made for your reception. Very respectfully, R. B. DALTON.

Our board, to whom it was addressed, has been extended through you to the members of your association, to visit our city on your trip. Will do all in our power to make your stop a pleasant one. Yours truly, D. R. GREENE, Secretary.

Comanche, Texas, June 11, 1892—Charles D. Barker, Secretary Georgia Weekly Press Association, Atlanta, Ga. Dear Sir: The Exponent, informs me that the editors of Georgia's weekly newspapers are coming on a tour to Texas some time next month, and I write to say it would afford the citizens of Comanche great pleasure to entertain you while in this part of the southwestern empire. We hope you will decide to come to Comanche and have one of the fairest spots of the Lone Star State. Fraternally, S. M. VERNON.

Every berth on the train will doubtless be taken up before the last of the week. Those desiring to go will do well to send in their money at once.

The Texas Pacific railroad's traveling agent, Colonel J. H. Word, will accompany the party from Rome to El Paso, Tex. At that point Mr. E. T. Lissou, of the Chicago, Texas and Santa Fe railroad, will join the party and escort them throughout New Mexico and Colorado.

A slight mistake was made in yesterday's Constitution. Instead of the party starting from Rome, Ga., on July 11th, at 11 o'clock p. m., it will leave on the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia railroad at 11:30 o'clock a. m., on Wednesday, July 14th.

Only the editors and wife or sister will be allowed to go. This rule is inflexible and applies to all. Several hundred outsiders have been refused passage.

For all information address Mr. Charles D. Barker, corresponding secretary Georgia Weekly Press Association, Atlanta, Ga.

GOING TO SARATOGA, N. Y.

President Harrison to Receive the Teachers in Washington at the White House.

The teachers are going to Saratoga as well as a large number of their friends. Several hundred will leave Atlanta next week via the Richmond and Danville railroad, the official route. A stopover will be made in Washington in the afternoon when they will take in the sights of the city and call on the president. The Marine band will be heard to discourse music. The party will be in charge of Hon. Solomon Palmer, president, and Eugene Harrell, secretary of the Southern Educational Association; Hon. J. H. Preston, superintendent of education of Mississippi; J. H. Shivers, superintendent of education of Arkansas; W. F. Slaton, Atlanta, Ga.; Hon. George Ramsey, of Louisiana. The Mississippi and Arkansas delegations number two hundred and are traveling in special Pullman sleeping cars. They will reach Atlanta on Tuesday via the Georgia Pacific division of the Richmond and Danville railroad.

Three things to remember: Hood's Sarsaparilla has the most MERIT, has won unequalled SUCCESS, accomplishes the greatest CURE, it is not the medicine for you?

Too Good to Contend.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," whether it be a landscape, a picture in art or a handsomely arranged and tastefully kept family grocery store. The Constitution reporter was inspecting the other day the different lines of business carried on in the Army building, and was so forcibly struck with the richness of the store and family grocery stock of Edmund Daniels & Co., that it would be selfish indeed not to mention it. At this store can be found anything to tempt the most fastidious appetite, and so neatly is everything arranged, it is indeed a pleasure to enter the store. If you haven't been, past that way and look up upon Edmund Daniels & Co.

Information Wanted.

J. I. Almon, Emory, Miss., desires to know the whereabouts of his half-brother and sister Anderson and Malvena Almon, children of W. R. Almon. When last heard of were in Bell county, Tex. W. R. Almon was a blacksmith and worked in a shop at Vaco in 1872. Any information concerning them will be thankfully received by their half-brother, J. I. Almon, Emory P. O., Holmes county, Miss.

St. Luke's Cathedral.

The evening service at St. Luke's cathedral will be held at 8 o'clock, just in time to give the congregation time, after a pleasant evening service and lecture, to get home to tea.

Special Carmencita matinee Monday at 11.

LADIES.

Need a tonic, or children who want building up, should take BROWN IRON BITTERS.

It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaints.

Greatest matinee ever given in Atlanta, 4th of July at 11 o'clock. Carmencita, Gautier and Deshon.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Fourth of July matinee at 11. Carmencita, Gautier and Deshon.

ICURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to keep them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a permanent cure. The disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or RAILING, AS REGARDS LIFE, I have cured many a family to cure the worst case. Because I have cured it in so many, I feel sure of curing any individual case. Give Express and Post Office. R. G. BROWN, N. C. 153 Pearl St. N. Y.

Douglass, Thomas & Davison.

CHOICE GOODS

—AT—

CHEAP PRICES.

Dress Silks.

LAST PRICE!

THIS IS THE MINIMUM!

20 pieces changeable Glace and figured China and India Silks. Choice styles and colorings! fine goods, worth \$1 to \$1.25 yard, all at 39c yard.

Wool Dress Goods.

Navy blue Storm Serge, 36-inch wide, all wool, 39c yard.

42-inch Navy Suiting, all wool, 50c yard.

42-inch extra fine all wool Storm Serge, 85c yard.

Excellent quality Ladies' Broadcloth, navy and other popular shades, \$1 yard.

20 styles imported French Dress Goods, were \$1 to \$1.25, all now at 69c yard.

43 suits, all choice patterns and colorings, worth \$10 to \$15, at \$6.90 suit.

Remnants.

Ask to see the remnants of Wool Dress Goods. All going dirt cheap.

Blazer Suits.

Our suits are well made—according to the best and most approved methods. Nice suits at \$5, \$6.50, \$10 to \$18.50; assorted colors.

Ginghams.

Best Scotch and French Zephyrs; choice line of patterns, being closed at 12½c yard; reduced from 18c, 20c and 25c.

Parasols.

Choice of all fancy Parasols, assorted colors; any one in stock, whatever the previous prices has been; all now at \$1.50 each.

Umbrellas.

250 Gloria Silk 26-inch paragon frame, natural wood handles, 98c each.

Corsets.

We offer our "Prize Winner" Corset, in every way equal to any \$3 Corset on the market for \$1 pair.

Towels.

20 dozen all linen Huck Towels, worth 10c, at 5c.

Laces.

Lot of Point de Gene Laces, 3½ to 12 inches wide, at 25c yard, worth 50c to \$1.50 yard.

Silk Mitts.

Extra quality, well made, 25c pair.

Japanese Fans.

An extra assortment, all grades, 5c to \$1.50 each.

Lot

Prints, Crepons, Silkelines, etc., worth 10 and 12½c, all reduced to 5c yard.

North China

Goat Rugs.

Full size, white and gray, \$2.50 each.

Douglass, Thomas & Davison.

AMUSEMENTS

OPERA HOUSE

TREMELOUS AND MAGNIFICENT—UNPARALLELED in Theatrical Annals.

Greatest Performances Ever Given for the Money in America!

DESHON, CARMENCITA, GAUTIER

IT WAS THREE GAMES

Just What the Blind City Boys Took From Atlanta.

AND NOW THEY COME HOME

To Grapple with the Birmingham Team. A Big Game to Be Played Tomorrow—Other Baseball News.

Memphis took the entire series from Atlanta and nobody except Memphians enjoyed it one bit.

The Bluff City team played all around the Gate City boys.

Key at third base figured largely in the error column and was responsible for a big slice of the defeat.

The team left Memphis last night and will be home today and will receive the Birmingham boys tomorrow. Hill will be ready for work and Berryhill will try to cover third once more.

Since leaving home Atlanta has played twelve games and has picked up five. That isn't so bad, but still it might have been better.

Memphis, Tenn., July 2.—(Special)—Baseball cranks in Memphis are very jubilant over the Memphis team's third victory in the Atlanta series, for, according to local authorities, it places the browns ahead of both New Orleans and Atlanta in the league standing.

This last victory was a well-deserved one, too, for the browns won by good, hard work with the stick and clean, neat fielding. Only one error did the locals make, and that was not costly.

Dad Phelan made the error, but his two-bagger and a triple redeemed him. Key, the erstwhile umpire, but now third baseman for Atlanta, played like an amateur, and his errors cost at least one run.

Parks, at first, showed conclusively that he was made a bad move in letting him go; and as for Kearns—"well, bless you," he don't know how to play anything but brilliant ball. He stops everything. Six put-outs is his record in the last Atlanta game.

The kindness of Mr. Taylor was possibly responsible for Memphis' run in the first inning. Dad Phelan put the ball against the left field fence for two bases. After Parks and Kearns flew out, Clingan hit the ball. The ball was quickly fielded to first. The crowd thought Clingan was out, but the umpire held him safe, Phelan scoring during the play.

In the third Phelan went to first on Kearns's sacrifice was fielded to Key, but he dropped the ball, and Phelan scored. Errors by Key and McGann and Moss's hit gave Memphis another run in the fourth. Atlanta earned a run in the sixth on Prescott's triple and Porter's sacrifice. She made another in the eighth on Porter's base on balls, a stolen base, a sacrifice hit and Foster's single.

Memphis added one eighth on Key's error and hits by Clingan and O'Connor. Kearns's base on balls, a stolen base and O'Connor's hit in the ninth made a total of five runs. In the last inning Clingan made a triple, but was thrown out at the plate from right field.

MEMPHIS. AB. R. H. E. ATLANTA. AB. R. H. E. Phelan, 2b. 3 2 2 3 3 1 0 Parks, 1b. 5 0 1 1 8 1 0 Kearns, cf. 4 0 2 1 2 0 0 Clingan, 3b. 4 0 2 0 0 3 0 O'Connor, rf. 5 1 2 0 2 0 0 Claves, lf. 4 0 0 0 2 0 0 Moss, ss. 4 0 1 0 0 1 0 Duffey, c. 4 0 0 0 6 0 0 McGann, p. 4 0 0 0 1 0 0 Total. 32 5 9 2 27 15 1

Score by innings—Memphis, 10 1 1 0 0 1 1 5 Atlanta, 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 2 Summary—Earned runs—Memphis, 1; Atlanta, 1. Two-base hits—Phelan, Prescott, Clingan, 3; Kearns, 2; McGann, 1; O'Connor, 1. Stolen bases—Phelan, 2; Parks, 1; Kearns, 1; Clingan, 1; McGann, 1. Struck out—By Mouny, 3; by Campbell, 4. Passed balls—Duffey, 1. Time—1:45. Umpire—Mr. Taylor.

Macon Made It Two. Montgomery, Ala., July 2.—(Special)—It took ten innings to decide the Macon-Montgomery game today and Macon won the game. The story is told in a few words.

Macon's slugger got "on" to Agan and pounded the life out of him for thirteen base hits, while the Montgomery team added to the agony by six big fat errors. McLaughlin, who was reinstated today, umpired the game. In the ninth inning when the score was tied, two men hit and on bases Hoss went to the bat and hit to short stop. McLaughlin was waiting for the ball, which came bounding towards him. He ran over the line, knocking him down. McLaughlin declared Jones out and the tenth inning was commenced. Schmidt rapped the ball for a three bagger and a pitched ball struck Land's foot, and bounded out of reach, letting Schmidt score.

Score by innings—Montgomery 2 2 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 6 H. 10 E. 6 Macon 2 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 14 E. 4 Summary—Earned runs—Macon, 3; Montgomery, 2. Two-base hits—Duffey, 2; Agan, 1; Schmidt, 1. Stolen bases—By Agan, 5; by Schmidt, 1. Struck out—By Schmidt, 1. Time of game—1:45. Umpire—McLaughlin.

Abner Powel's Misfortune. New Orleans, July 2.—(Special)—New Orleans got roasted by the morning papers for loose ball playing, due to late hours and other causes, the papers announcing that the axe would soon fall. That made the team desperate and it went at Pety today from the start hitting him hard and often. The locals also fielded perfectly and Birmingham was not in the game. The New Orleans management tonight announced that it has signed Abner Powell, who was with New Orleans before, as captain and manager. He will be here about Thursday.

Score by innings—New Orleans, 0 0 0 0 0 2 3 1 6 H. 11 E. 0 Birmingham, 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 1 3 H. 7 E. 3 Batteries—Crowell and Adams; Kelly and Sweeney.

Mobile Has a Hoodoo, Too. Mobile, July 2.—(Special)—Mobile had the game won up to the ninth inning today, but Chattanooga came in then and by a couple of errors and a two-bagger by McCann, knocked out a victory. It was a hard game to lose, but the hoodoo that has been following the home team for the past month was on the grounds again and it was just too much to win.

Score by innings—Mobile, 0 4 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 H. 8 E. 6 Chattanooga, 1 0 0 1 0 0 2 3 H. 8 E. 3 Batteries—Wittrock and Schaub; Baker and Doyle.

A Scrap Tomorrow. Atlantians who delight in the flaccid art may have an opportunity of seeing some good work soon.

Dalley, the feather-weight, who is to go against Tom Ward on the 14th, will have a turn for points with Murray tomorrow night at Athletic hall. Murray is in good shape, and the turn will be well worth seeing. Dalley is training hard every day, preparatory to his meeting with Ward, and will be in good shape.

Schools for Gainesville. Gainesville, Ga., July 2.—(Special)—Upon an election this day held on the question of "Public schools or no public schools," public schools won by a majority of 508 votes. Thus Gainesville, the Queen City of the Mountains, takes a progressive step forward and will join her sister cities in the onward march.

Their gentle action and good effect on the system really make them a perfect little pill. They please those who use them. Little Liver Pills may well be termed "Perfect."

Special Carmencita matinee Monday at 1.

DOWN AT CUMBERLAND.

An Interesting Letter About That Delightful Summer Resort.

Cumberland, Ga., July 2.—(Special)—Cumberland is the toast!

Its many attractions are now being enjoyed by hundreds of visitors from all over this and other states.

And there seems to be no cessation of the crowds. New people arrive every day and Cumberland, already so popular and well known in Georgia, will soon be, as well known in the north. It is justly entitled to all the praise it receives for it is without doubt the most delightful place to spend the heated term in the south.

The crowds this summer have been large, and every guest is loud in his praise of the hotel and its popular management. The Cumberland is a company made the best possible selection when it elected Mr. Morgan manager. He is a thorough hotel man, and, together with his popular son, Mr. Ernest Morgan, and his amiable and energetic wife, succeed in giving universal satisfaction and genuine pleasure to all. Mr. Charley Pearson, of Macon, is bookkeeper and cashier, and his many friends who visit Cumberland make more happy by his genial presence.

Cumberland can be recommended to both the pleasure and health seekers. Its fine sea breeze, unsurpassed beach and delightful shower baths will benefit almost any invalid, and the boating, fishing, dancing, music, driving, oyster roasts, turtle hunting and many other attractions make up a varied list of amusements that will give pleasure to any kind of a temperament.

Among the most delightful of the many pleasures during the past week was an oyster roast, presided over by Mr. and Mrs. George Duncan and Mrs. W. C. Morgan and Mr. Ernest Morgan. About thirty composed the party and they left the hotel about 8 o'clock in the evening and rowed in boats on the inlet to Duncan's Retreat.

The pleasure of a ride on the water by moonlight was only the forerunner of the delightful time in store. The lunch and refreshments furnished by Mrs. Morgan and Mr. Duncan, together with the fresh roaster oysters, were heartily enjoyed. The crowd returned to the hotel at midnight, all voting thanks to our hospitable entertainers for an evening of rare joy and pleasure.

The hotel management are in daily receipt of letters engaging rooms and are expecting two hundred more people during the coming week. The average attendance during the season has been 250, and everything points to an increase of fifty to one hundred per cent during July and August. The wrong impression that has heretofore gone out that July and August were unpleasant months has been proven false, and many people have postponed their visit until then, as the letters of inquiry show. The fishing is improving every day and by the 1st of August it will be no trouble for the most inexperienced to catch a string of the finest fish in a few minutes.

Speaking about fishing reminds me that Dr. K. P. Moore, of Macon, is very proud of his success in that line. He caught a fifteen pound bass a few days ago, and that was never known before at this season of the year. The doctor is the resident physician of the island during the season, but was called home a few days ago, and Dr. W. R. Winchester, of Macon, has taken his place until he returns.

It was not known until recently that there was a poet here, but Mr. George Smith, of Macon, has been caught "in the act" of writing a novel. The title is "On Easy Row, or Who Jumped Out of the Window." President George Duncan, of the Cumberland company, will have complete control of this work on the island.

A gay party of thirty-five from Newnan are enjoying themselves here for a week. The delegation is headed by happy Harry Fisher and Colonel Burnette, a pair well known for cleverness. Mr. Fisher is as popular as it is possible for a married man to be, but Colonel Burnette seems to have the "call" on him now, as the colonel is a gay bachelor and there are dozens of girls here.

John Brown of Fort Valley, is posing as the male belle for the week, but some of the Macon delegation of young men is leading him a close race.

Possibly the prettiest and most popular young ladies here at present are Miss Marion Rood, of Augusta, and Miss Sassnett, of Macon. They are always surrounded by a large coterie of admirers.

Nothing has given more pleasure to the guests than the recitations of Mr. Lewellyn Hillier, of Macon. Mr. Hillier is the best amateur tragedian in the state besides being one of the cleverest and most entertaining men in the world.

The large party of prominent Columbus people that are here for the summer shows that this is the favorite resort of the people of that city. Mr. Cecil Gabbett, general manager of the Columbus Southern railroad, came down here in private car this week with a large number of friends. Mr. Gabbett was the life of every party here and in the pleasure of his party, and his stay here will long be remembered by all who enjoyed his society.

There is none that add more to the pleasure of the visits than President George Duncan and his estimable and charming wife. Mrs. Duncan is always surrounded by friends and admirers, while George seems to consider it his special duty to see that every guest has the locale of everything, and the biggest time of all.

Mrs. Morgan is delightful anywhere you find her. Her music after tea entertains throngs of admirers, and her special arrangements in reference to parties, dinners, etc., is evidence that she is a superior woman. Her wife is admired as in household affairs as in the parlor. She is now entertaining a very popular and charming widow in the person of her sister, Mrs. Gleason, of Detroit. Mrs. Gleason is a sparkling conversationalist, and is admired by all.

There is nothing possible left undone here to make life pleasant and enjoyable. The fare is as good as is supplied by your best hotels, and the service generally is all that could be desired. Fresh fish, shellfish and crabs, together with fresh vegetables raised right in the hotel garden are served every day.

The excursions to Jekyll, St. Simons, Dungeness, Brunswick and other places is enjoyed by many. No place can afford pleasure-seekers or those who want rest advantage than Cumberland. Every one who comes here is a walking advertisement for the place.

Captain Ross Sims, Bob Collins, W. A. Doody, Cuyler Findley, George Smith and Ross White are the happiest and most jovial set that ever left Macon and they afford much amusement and entertainment for visitors.

Armed Butts, of Macon, still occupies his "cabin," and shoots alligators every morning before breakfast.

Major R. A. Bacon, of Columbus, is an authority on politics and he is always surrounded by numbers of seekers of information on matters historical, political or financial. It is to be greatly regretted that his first lieutenant in this line, Mr. Frank P. Rice, of Atlanta, has returned home. Mr. Rice is almost as good a talker as Major Bacon, but not quite so fast.

Special Carmencita matinee Monday at 11.

Special Carmencita matinee Monday at 11.

CARMENCITA WILL GO

To See the Atlantians and Birmingham Play Tomorrow.

THE SOUTHERN TEAMS STRENGTHENING

All the Managers Hunting for New Men. The Columbus, O., Team Wanted in New Orleans.

The Atlanta will reach home today and a big delegation of fans will be at the depot to receive them with arms-folded.

Tomorrow the team will open with Birmingham and Thursday the boys will go to Macon for three days.

The ball park will be packed tomorrow with fans, local and visiting, and the team will be given a genuine welcome—if it wins.

Nearly every box has been sold and the advance sales for the grand stand has never been greater.

One of the boxes has been purchased by Mr. Cohen for Carmencita and members of the DeShon company and the fair dancer will look upon the Atlantians as they win or lose. She is a great fan herself and is thoroughly versed in the game. Mr. H. G. Kibler has consented to have the box perfectly decorated with the Spanish colors, red and yellow. Tomorrow, too, he will have an abundance of floral tributes scattered about so that the fair artist will feel thoroughly at home.

The teams all over the league are strengthening preparatory to the hard fight which is sure to come with the next season. That erratic Kelly, of Mobile, started the ball by slipping gently up into Indiana, Iowa and Illinois on a very still hunt. He looked over the I-L League and secured Wittrock, the star Quincy pitcher, one of the very best in the league. Then he secured Kid Williams, that Chattanooga catcher, who sloped away and was compelled to return to avoid the black list. Langford, a new shortstop, will take Fuller's place and Fuller will be given the goose. Lutenburg, a heavy-hitting first baseman, was pulled in and Tanner will go to the field. Charpin, a Mobile boy, who is said to be a magnificent backstop, and a good all-around man, has been added, too.

Macon has signed Gillen, who is said to be a great shortstop. York and Jones, fielders. The two out-fielders are excellent men and are hard, sure hitters. Gillen, so far, has not shown up as well as Burbridge anticipated. In one game he has only one chance and that resulted in an error. Gillen may yet make a fine man, yet George Burbridge generally knows what he's doing.

McKee, of the New Orleans team, is now in the west hunting for material to strengthen the team. He is a good aggregation. It is said that he has made a deal by which he will secure the Terra Haute team entire. If that be true there will be fun yet in this neck of the woods.

Mills, of Birmingham, has been adding men to his team for some weeks, and has picked up good men in Ulrich, Klusman, Clingan and Kearns. He is still scouring the woods and says he will not stop until he has landed a pair of winning pitchers.

Sullivan, that Irishman with a smile so confirmed that even defeat can't erase it, has jumped into the merry whirlpool and is pulling out some strong men. He has picked up a good one in Lutenburg, a heavy-hitting outfielder, a new pitcher, and if he don't make a dead sprint for the flag soon he will be hunting for a new manager, or an entire new team to manage.

Levis, of Montgomery, is about the only man who appears disposed to stand pat. I expect the Atlanta management.

The Cincinnati Enquirer of Friday prints this: Word came to Pittsburgh tonight from Columbus to the effect that indications point to the disbandment of the Western Association.

"Tomorrow is the date set for the clubs comprising it to pay the \$150 each to the National League for the protection afforded by the national agreement. It will find them either without the money or the unwillingness to do so. Columbus is the only club that will meet its obligations to its colleagues desert it. The management of the club has prepared for the emergency.

"Instead of letting the champions become the prey of a mob and minor baseball leagues, the Columbus officials have arranged for the sale of the franchise to New Orleans, a Southern League club. All the players will accompany the franchise. Columbus can do this honorably, as it has met the exactions of all parties to the national agreement.

"This move on the part of Columbus will deprive the National League of the services of Pitcher Clausen and First Baseman Breckinridge, who were much sought after. The other clubs in the Western Association will be dismantled of all the players of value."

During the recent fight for blood between Chattanooga and Montgomery two; Baker and Gillen are today's pitchers. No pitcher ought to beat a club three straight; no pitcher ought to lose three straight; by no means. The natural logic is that Baker will down Gillen today; and that is what Kirt says he will do.

I watched that game and found that there was no natural logic in it. Mr. Baker did lose his third game.

The Mobile papers are growing tired of seeing Kelly's black birds lose every day, and every day this manager, whose name won't show out, gets a gentle reminder that Mobile ought to have just one more game as a souvenir of the baseball season of 1892.

Referring to a recent game The Register said: "Another feature was Mobile's six errors, every one of which, with one exception, let in a run."

The most disagreeable ball playing of the season was that between Atlanta and New Orleans. I have been told that the grounds were sloppy and muddy that the men were compelled to wade ankle deep through the mire. Notwithstanding the fact that Atlanta took two out of three, I think the games ought not to have been played. It was too ugly for spectators to go out, and the measly little old \$25 Atlanta got for the two games wouldn't pay for the risk the men took.

Mills, that man who manages for Birmingham, has a roast every morning as he sips his coffee. The Birmingham papers that he comes here and then turn him over and cook him again. The papers don't stop at Mills, I'm sorry to say, but give the entire team a touch. Here is a sample from The Age-Herald: "The Register said: 'Another feature was Mobile's six errors, every one of which, with one exception, let in a run.'"

"This proves conclusively what The Age-Herald has said, namely, that Birmingham has either been playing off or has been drunk."

"This is either a fact, or honest Al Mauck, about the only player we have left, simply was too mysterious in his delivery for the Memphis slingers, notwithstanding the several errors by the home club."

"Whether it was by the grace and good feeling of the Memphis batters, ever known to be a hospitable man, and their errors, the home boys won the game for us, or the rotten playing of both, with Memphis the 'rotten' team, is truly a problem most difficult to solve."

And here's another from the same paper: "Mills played second today very poorly, and after failing to catch two or three balls

thrown to him from home by Ulrich, who was behind the bat, he sent Ulrich to the field and put Sweeney in his place, though it proved afterwards that Mills did not stop Sweeney's throw any better than he did those of Ulrich."

That twenty-ninth game Thursday between Chicago and Cincinnati was a beauty. It is the longest game every played in the big league and the third longest game on record. Neither side made a run in the first, but in the second both scored. Cincinnati got four in that inning and Chicago three. In the third Cincinnati made two and Chicago piled up three, tying the score. Cincinnati, forged ahead by one in the fourth, while Chicago got a blank. In the fifth Cincinnati evened up and that ended the run-getting. Seven to seven it stood at the end of the twentieth inning, when darkness stopped the struggle. For fifteen innings not a run was made. Each team made twelve hits, while the errors were six and four, Chicago making the four. Mullane and Gumbert did the pitching.

The longest game of ball ever played was the Harvard-Manchester game, played May 11, 1877, in which twenty-four innings were consumed without a run being scored. The second longest game was the Tacoma-Seattle contest, May 16, 1891, at which, of twenty-two innings, which was won by Tacoma. Mackay was manager of the Seattle team and played in the game. So did Ardner and Prescott. Keenan, of Chattanooga, pitched for Seattle.

Kelly, of Mobile, and his running mate, Schaub, that catcher who ran away and then came back, are now on speaking terms just now. On Wednesday's game with Macon Kelly ordered Schaub out of the game after he was hurt, and Schaub said he was all right. The next ball pitcher Schaub and Veach scored. Then Manager Kelly lost his temper and began to roast the catcher about losing the game. Schaub replied: "Well, you needn't swell up at me about it. I'll put you on the bench for thirty days without pay." retorted Kelly. "I'll not stay there if you do," came back from the catcher. "That'll cost you twenty-five," said Schaub. "I will," was Kelly's rejoinder, as Schaub walked off, and the incident ended.

This is the gentle roast I find in The Chattanooga Times about a ball player half Atlanta says can discount Joe Ardner: "While Chattanooga is strengthening her team it would be well to look after second base. Though Doyle threw with great accuracy, every Montgomery fellow who took the second base chance got there because Gies muffed every ball thrown. Billy's stick work also disgusted the Concordia spectators. Out of four times at bat he struck out three times and hit a weak grounder to pitcher the fourth."

Mr. J. H. Mathews, a well-known Atlanta communal man, was in a Memphis where Birmingham played three and on Thursday and Friday when Atlanta lost two games. Mr. Mathews came home yesterday and says he saw the game. "I ever saw. I had no idea a man could be so rank. He only sees the home team, and the visitors are not in it with him robbed Birmingham out of two games and gave Atlanta no show at all. Boston couldn't beat Memphis with Taylor as umpire."

Speaking of umpires, I see that McLaughlin has been released, and that is just what I have long expected. Notwithstanding the general belief that he was the fairest umpire in the south, McLaughlin has all along been a home umpire, and much of Chattanooga and Mobile's success was due to his close decisions. Atlanta tried hard to get McLaughlin, but for some cause never could. He has worked in every town in the league except Atlanta, and was released by President Genslinger, and moved here. Atlanta was making a hard pull to get McLaughlin for the next series, and it looked like we would get him. But he won't come now.

Diamond Dust. Kid Somers can bat and run bases. Full will be able to play in Monday's game. Peck-a-Boo Veach is turning out his muscles. Birmingham got ahead of Mobile by the rain—not playing. George Burbridge and Charlie Levis went to school together. Maskrey is now in Mercer, Pa., where he has a nice home. Atlantians are anxious to see Coleclough and Foster work. York is a dandy and he runs bases as well as Long or Foster. Jack Riddle has developed into a hard hitter on this last trip. Adams, who was released by Memphis, has gone to New Orleans. Ardner is beyond doubt the finest second baseman in the south. The report that Chattanooga is laying for beta cannot be verified. The Chattanooga Times says she is pleased to see Atlanta clinching. Kelly has signed Langford, short stop, and Lutenburg, an outfielder. Phillips has a very sore arm, which accounts for his off-pitching of late. The Macon Telegraph says that Macon has the best club in the league. York, of Macon, is a great coacher. We missed it in not getting him. Sixteen straight was Philadelphia's record before she got to rest in Boston Tuesday. Doyle is certainly a splendid catcher and a valuable addition to the Chattanooga team. The college pitcher, Sanders, of Louisville, drew the salary of \$5,000 per season. Sanders, the college pitcher, lost his first game since his debut into the National League Tuesday. Pitcher Galvin's son, Eugene, fell into a salt vat a few days ago and was burned to death. Ad Gumbert's brother, Bill, is doing fine work for Pittsburgh and is probably a fixture on its pitching staff. The Mobile Register says: "The Charles-ton wonder has great speed, a fine curve and a deceptive drop ball." A Somers, Chattanooga's new man, is a wiry fellow with Burke's build. He is a hard hitter and a sure fielder. In figuring over the games Macon expects to win The Telegraph calculates on two out of three from Chattanooga. Manager Burbridge, of Macon, says Charlie Levis was the greatest contortionists while a boy at college he ever saw. W. F. Joseph, a member of the Montgomery board of directors, has resigned and Forbes Leodell has been elected to fill the vacancy. The Montgomerys have a kicker named Land, whose mouth is a cavern in the land filled with a continuous uproar and confusion of sounds. Preffer is at Louisville nursing a game leg and a week later he had the Pirates laughing in his sleeve over Freddy's annual escapade. When New Orleans released Finks and signed Cruso she did her second best as an act of turn. Finks could play all round Cruso and not half try. McKie is on a trip hunting for players. It is expected he will have a few new faces before the end of the week. The management is after batters. The baseball operator in Montgomery says that Neal Doyle, by far the finest catcher that ever officiated under the bat on a Montgomery diamond. Ted has given Kelly permission to sign Kid Williams. Chattanooga don't need him. Three better catchers than Riddle, Doyle and Somers are hard to find. Mobile is sliding towards the tail end very rapidly. And Mobiles are not kicking so much as might have been expected. Mobile gives her club crowds whether it wins or loses. Jimmy Galvin was released one day by Pittsburgh. On the next he was signed by St. Louis and a week later he had the Pirates down to a hit, shutting them out by a score of 4 to 0. Manager Kelly put Second Baseman O'Connell on the bench Wednesday for the twelfth game of the season. Kelly says that O'Connell is a grand stand player, and ordered him to cover left field. O'Connell refused. Hence the punishment. The Pittsburghers have made the best showing financially of all the big league clubs. Cincinnati is a good second and Boston comes next. The Browns are on the right side of the ledger, but Baltimore and New York are both way behind in money matters.

"HE GETS THERE ALL THE SAME."

The Festive Bed Bug

A DISAGREEABLE BED FELLOW!

UP GUARD AND AT THEM

Now is the season of the year when untold thousands of eggs are laid, every one of which produces a full-fledged Bed Bug to crawl over you, inflict their bites, disturb your sleep and stain your linen.

HOW HORRIBLE IT IS

to have a bed infested with chinsches, when it is so easy to destroy them. JACOBS' BED-BUG KILLER hunts them up and destroys every vestige of them, root and branch. It destroys them and then evaporates, leaving no stain or deposit. Every housekeeper should use it, and allow the tired members of the family to

"Woo tired nature's sweet restorer, Balmy Sleep."

OCCASIONALLY USE OUR

BED-BUG KILLER

And every member of your household will bless you.

IT NEVER FAILS,

and is by far the best article of the kind ever discovered.

Price 25c Per Large Bottle,

INCLUDING BRUSH FOR APPLYING.

For sale at

Jacobi's Pharmacy,

Atlanta, Ga.

Cor. Peachtree and Marietta Sts.

COOL SUMMER GOWNS

For Ladies to Wear While at the Seashore.

HOW COTTONS SHOULD BE MADE UP.

Each Fabric Requires a Distinct Treatment—The Material to Use and How to Make the Gown.

When the day is sweltering and other people look hot and miserable to match the dust and glare, there is the chance of your life to make yourself by your dresses and your manners the most pleasing thing to look at in sight, a very plain tree in the desert. It is easy enough to do it if you have a little knowledge of the laws of taste.

How to Look Cool. For your manner cultivate repose. Do not mop your face, or sigh, or frown in your movements the appearance of any effort. Rapidity of motion suggests heat. However uncomfortable you are let your face express smiling content. As to the dress that suggests coolness I may quote what I said elsewhere last year:

"Choose cool colors for your gowns. Wear blue; it will make you look cool if you are at fever heat. Why is this? Because it is the color of cold things—of winter clouds, of the sea, of icebergs, of snow in shadow, of darkness falling into night. In symbolism it signifies the air—the wind that bloweth where it list-



BLUE CREPON.

ty. Let us look closer at several of the cottons and see how each can be made to develop within the range of fashion some of its possibilities for beauty.

Fashionable Gingham. The gingham this year is not in plaids; the most fashionable patterns are stripes broken into irregular widths after the Scotch manner, of white with a color; also grounds of pinhead checks with a small white figure, and plain grounds with an exquisite French pattern of bow knots meandering over it. One of the last has a pink ground with the pattern in old blue and deep rose; another has a pale yellow ground with pattern in heliotrope.

A Newport Gown.

Among the many gingham that have gone to Newport one of the best in design is made of the small check, in black and white. It is a dress for morning wear at a country house. The round



PINK CREPON.

waist is gathered at the belt and has a wide lace edge of cream point d'Irlande sewed across neck and shoulders and carried down round the armholes, thus forming round each arm a jabot that falls below the waist line. The same piece of lace goes clear round back and front. The collar has a band of lace insertion with narrow black ribbon on each side. The sleeves are a big puff to below the elbow, and thence down are banded with ribbon and lace insertion. The skirt border is of two bands of ribbon, with an edge of lace set under the upper ribbon and falling over the lower one. A ribbon passes round the armholes and is tied on the shoulders.

A Cotton Crepon.

A gown of cotton crepon that accords fairly well with the quality of the fabric, and at the same time embodies the very height of fashionable form is in crinkled stripes of white with violet. It has a yoke on which bands of violet ribbons are stitched to give it the look of strength



STRIPED COTTON CREPON.

dress with sewing and broken lines—cascades of lace, loose ribbons, whatever a breath of air may catch and stir. Thus gratified, the eye will be content to miss the forest leaves and the wind-stirred grass. Thus art will be in tune with nature."

The Charm of Cottons.

Now is the high-day of the cotton fabrics. There is in them a harmony with the time surpassing that of all others, even silk. Their texture is fine and does not reflect light as silks do, nor break it into complex irradiations of tones as does wool, but absorbs it without effort, or asking attention to its surface, as the edge of a forest swallows up light and gives back color. Cotton lends itself to picturesque effects. It differs from wool as an etching or a watercolor painting differs from an oil-painting. Its colored decoration is sharp in outline and is understood without effort, and it lends itself to strong effects with apparent slight means. This is why it is so restful on a hot day. The orientals understand this and make great use of cotton, putting the most beautiful embroidery upon it. It should not have elaborate embroidery but suggestive sketchy work, such as one uses water color or etching for. The orientals are without our streak of vulgarity, that fancies a fabric can have none but a money value. However, we are beginning a little to see that there is such a thing as art value, and that it is irrespective of the cost of raw materials. We are not hopeless.

They Must Be Treated Artistically. There are several good cottons this year, each with its own peculiar beauty, to be

developed by the woman with an artist's soul. In the treatment will be all the difference between a perfect gown and a ruin. Some of the fashionable forms you should not make up in to cotton. One of them is the Eton jacket; another is revers—these forms are suggestive of extra warmth, and are most suitable for wool or other warm material. Another one is the plain waist with corset, always hideous, but in warm weather positively unendurable by the senses. Cotton should not be made after designs that require it to be stretched over a lining. I do not say that fashionable dressmakers do not sometimes do it, but it seems to be at the sacrifice of some of its beauty.

The True Inwardness of the Yoke. Yokes need a word of comment. They are very commonly made of lace and of white embroidery for colored dresses. This is an aesthetic mistake and the result is always a garment without character. Why? Because a yoke is a device whereby the weight of the garment instead of resting wholly on the shoulder may be distributed. This is its reason for being. But if the yoke is of a texture more delicate than the garment, or of a pale color, it looks inadequate to its function, and the garment to the eye of taste is irritatingly disagreeable. Now if a more delicate texture is wanted round the shoulders it should be got in the form of a guimpe or underwaist, and the gown should be finished as a low-necked garment, and it should be made perfectly evident that it is kept on, not by attachment clear round, but by gravity in passing over the shoulders. And the edge should be finished in such a way as will help to make this evident. The picture given here of a cotton crepon with goblin blue ground and white figures shows how a dress may be agreeably made with lace around the shoulders. This gown is made to have the appearance of a pointed neck, and half-long, puff sleeves, worn over a high-necked, long-sleeved, lace underwaist. There are two ribbon ruffles round the skirt, one of them white, and the belt is of white ribbon.

Another form of the guimpe idea is shown in the pink gingham with patterns of blue and rose. The effect is here given of a whole inner garment of lace, the skirt being slashed to show a lace petticoat, or a lace breadth, rather, with old-



GOWN OF DIMITY.

rose set under it. The guimpe is shirred round the neck, and the ribbons are of old-rose and blue laid together.

Other Gowns.

Moozma cloth is the name of a new cotton, woven with a cross thread. It is suggestive of chall and is printed with small figures. It makes a good morning dress, but the design needs special care. It should not be shirred or puffed, or trimmed with lace. It is too clumsy and coarse; but you can make a gown of distinction out of it with flat trimmings—facing and linings of the color prevailing in the flowers. The sort of dress adds more style to some women than soft, fluffy, broken outlines. The design illustrated here shows a cream ground with bachelorette buttons in blue and green, made in a sleeveless princess with a surplice front, and open down one side of the skirt. The edges are hood underneath, or piped with green, and it is worn over a simulated under garment of blue; sleeves, neck and side breadth being of this color.

Dimities are having great favor for morning dress this season. They are printed with small sprigs of flowers and need to give them character dark trimmings, which are most effectively furnished by parallel rows of narrow ribbon.

THE SILVER DOLLAR.

Rev. W. F. Harrison Gives the History of It.

Editor Constitution.—I will venture the assertion that the story of the silver dollar is the most singular chapter in American history. The blue laws of Connecticut, and the famous Hartford convention of 1814, can neither of them compare in the matter of obscurity, and in the variety of contradictions involved in the discussion of the subject with the record of silver coinage legislation.

Some fifteen years ago, my attention was called to the fact that we had literally no silver coinage at all. Some silver dollars of the olden time we had, but very few people know that they were intrinsically more valuable than those coined since 1837.

It was true, nevertheless, for the first generation of lawmakers, in 1792, adopted the English standard of fineness for both gold and silver, making fifteen grains of silver equivalent to one of gold, and establishing the ratio of eleven parts of fine metal to one of alloy, silver or copper alloy for gold, and copper for silver coin. This is precisely the English standard, but stated differently.

The English standard is 23.2 parts of fine silver to 18 parts of fine copper, and the same relation of the alloy to gold is maintained, making the English sovereign 23.2 parts fine out of the 24, or perfect metal.

Why it was that our fathers changed this order of things, and threw a note of discord into the coinage world, we may very safely conjecture. It was done in 1837, and at that time, England, although not liberated from her long and perilous course of financial trial and distress, was nevertheless the conquering nation in the outcome of the Napoleonic wars. By all tokens, and by all tests, she had broadened her foundations, and was making ready to become the mistress of the ocean, and the ruler of the commercial world.

We had been engaged in perilous politics, and had just entered upon a season of "wild cat" adventures in speculation, and the card palaces of gamblers and dreamers were destined soon to tumble about in fearful ruin. Our legislators doubtless feared that British cunning would take from us the small amount of the precious metals that still remained in our markets.

The fineness of our coins being equal to that of the English, it was an easy matter to seize them, melt and recoin them. It was hardly feared that the "great eagle" of America would become familiar to the rights of the average Englishman, but John Bull could easily substitute the young queen's face, and the obedient metal would receive the homage of a coinage just as graciously as it did that of the most brilliant "sovereign" of the American prairies.

Realists, our supplies of gold and silver for purposes of coinage were very small indeed. Outside of the southern states, in 1830, only \$200 in gold was produced in the United States. Virginia produced \$81,774, North

Carolina \$235,619, South Carolina \$37,418, Georgia \$121,881, Alabama \$61,230, Tennessee \$1,800, and Illinois \$200. This only amounted to \$329,605, and gave but little promise that the United States would on that day readjust the financial status of the civilized world.

These facts may be quite new to the young class of my readers, but it is well enough to keep them in mind.

From 1824 to 1841, a period of seventeen years, the mint at Philadelphia received and coined \$904,331 from the gold mines of Virginia; \$2,815,235 from North Carolina; \$305,559 from South Carolina; \$5,081,109 from Georgia; \$15,116 from Tennessee; and \$6,794 from Alabama. The total amount coined from native gold at the Philadelphia mint was \$6,915,142. The branch mint at New Orleans, in 1841, coined \$540,000; the branch at Charlotte, N. C., coined \$133,588, and that at Dahlonega, Ga., coined \$163,885. Thus, of the \$3,138,077 coined into money in 1841, the North furnished nearly one-half of the whole, and all the native bullion, for in addition to the \$335,473 coined in the South, our mines furnished the mint at Philadelphia with bullion to the amount of \$248,478 in 1841.

But this was a very limited supply of bullion, and our legislators knew no other source on which to rely, except the open market of the world. Hence, it was quite natural that they should wish to keep our gold and silver at home. The method adopted proved efficient.

To reconstruct a coin, and make it richer, was no great task, it was true, but John Bull was not likely to engage in the business unless a stronger motive should arise. Therefore "our fathers" changed the fineness of our money, literally debased the coinage, by making it only nine parts fine out of ten, instead of eleven out of twelve, as it had been since 1792.

But they did not stop there. The "eagle" of 1792 contained 270 grains of standard gold, eleven-twelfths fine; the eagle of 1837 contained only 238 grains of standard gold, nine-tenths fine. Perhaps the people were too glad to get any kind of gold, and did not complain about the standard. Perhaps, and that is still more probable, that not one man in ten thousand knew anything about the matter, and the Davy Crockett order of congressmen was not likely to meddle with such affairs. The men who did know, were not apt then, or now, to enter, or to stay in the halls of congress.

As they did to the gold, so the men of 1837 did to the silver. They reduced the fineness to nine tenths, but they gave the dollar of 1837 412½ grains instead of 416 grains standard fineness. In this they preserved the tradition of the fathers. They did not seek to drive an entering wedge that would one day separate the metals, and array them in hostility to each other.

In 1792 fifteen for one, silver fifteen grains to gold one grain was the settled relationship of the metals. In 1837 there was 1837 grains of silver; 412½ grains silver, nine-tenths fine, was a better approach to 416 grains eleven-twelfths fine, than 238 grains of gold eleven-twelfths fine, was to 270 grains of gold eleven-twelfths fine.

Two important facts stand out clearly upon the record. Silver was the unit of value in 1837 as in 1792. That was the first important fact. Then there was no token money—no "subsidiary coins."

Zealously as Lord Liverpool labored to bring about the monometallic currency in the second decade of this century, he never dared to tamper with the British coinage of silver to accomplish that object. If we had possessed a De la Rue, the fall of our "world's money" would not have created a score of "multi-millionaires" within the last twenty years.

A silver dollar in 1837 contained 412½ grains of standard silver, and a half dollar contained 206¼; a quarter dollar contained 103¼; a dime 41¼, and a half-dime 20½ grains. The proportion was strictly maintained.

Can any sensible reason be assigned for debasing the people after the sort which we have seen in 1837? I am sorry to say that it was under a democratic president that the work of debasing the oldest money known to the annals of the world began. The dollar was not interfered with, but the subdivisions were debased, that is, lightened in weight. A half dollar of 1837 contained 206¼ grains of standard silver. In 1854 it was cut down to 192 grains, a reduction of public of 14½ grains, or nearly 6 per cent. The quarter and dime were scaled down to the same relative value. Who profited by this reduction? Was it the man who received the quarter of the flight of our silver halves and quarters? None that can be imagined. But it is significant that the same congress repealed the law making foreign gold and silver coins a legal tender.

The "fine Italian hand" of some master of finance may be seen in this extraordinary legislation. The seven years following did not give sufficient time, and other issues "to the fore," and the second step in the overthrow of silver was not taken until the civil war brought a batch of money kings into the field of action. Up to 1861 nothing but metallic money was a legal tender, under the explicit provision of the constitution. To say that the instrument of 1792 denied to the states the right to make legal tender other than real money, but reserved that right to the federal government, is to drive a very large "coach and six" through that compact.

But our fathers declared that silver coin should be a legal tender for any sum, large or small, at the face value of the coin. So said the second generation of our lawmakers in 1837, and so their successors said in 1853. The time for striking an effective blow at the money of the common people had not come.

The year 1872 dawned upon us, and a wise man from the neighborhood of Plymouth Rock comes upon the stage. Representing the men of the east, he brings in, on April 9, 1872, a bill from the committee on coinage, weights and measures, that calls attention to the 10th section of the bill, "as reducing the weight the silver dollar from 412½ grains to 384 grains, thus making it a subsidiary coin in harmony with the silver coin of less denomination, to secure its concurrent circulation with them."

The mask drops off! Here we have it! The legal tender silver dollar is to be a "subsidiary coin" for some time, but the value was not silver, for this depreciation will certainly work its destruction, whether the coinage be stopped or not.

But let it not be told in Gath—publish it not in the streets of Boston! The reasons this man gives for debasing the money value of silver, for this depreciation will certainly work its destruction, whether the coinage be stopped or not.

"That the silver dollar of 412½ grains, by reason of its bullion, or intrinsic value, long since ceased to be a coin of circulation, and is melted by manufacturers of silver ware," and "is not circulated, nor used in commercial transactions with any country."

Can the reader believe his own eyes, in tracing these words of the Massachusetts congressman, objecting to the further coinage of the 412½ grain dollar because it was too valuable to circulate as money?

In the name of all that is sensible or just, how has it happened that this same silver dollar of the same intrinsic value has unduly dropped to the level of seventy-eight or eighty cents? Twenty years ago, too rich to be money—now too poor to be money!

We have a plain, honest confession at last. Mr. Stoughton, of Michigan, raises the curtain. "The value of silver depends," he says, "in a great measure, upon the fluctuations of the market, and the supply and demand. Gold is, practically, the standard of value among all civilized nations, and the time has come in this country when the gold dollar should be distinctly declared to be the coin representative of the money value."

There it is! The whole story is told, and yet, the party to which these gentlemen belonged declared the other day at Mississippi, that they were in favor of a bimetallic currency! Credit! Judas!

Nashville, Tenn. W. F. HARRISON.

Fourth of July matinee at 11. Carmencita, Gaudier and Deshon.

Veterans' Picnic, Monday, July 4, 1892. You need not bring any basket. Plenty of barbecue for all. Come to see the fun at Iceville. Western and Atlantic Railroad. Three trains.

Veterans' Picnic and Barbecue conducted by Lee & Scales, the popular butchers. You need not bring any basket. Western and Atlantic Railroad. Three trains.

ROBBED THE MAILS.

The Son of Foster Blodgett in Trouble.

HE IS ARRESTED ON A CHARGE

Which Uncle Sam Will Prosecute.

WILL GAUSE IS ALSO ARRESTED

As Being Connected with the Robbery. Both Young Men Are Well Known in the City.

A name that appears frequently in Georgia's history was written on the police docket last night.

And the young man who bears that name—that of his father—sat dejected and miserable in cell No. 6 throughout the night.

It was like an echo from the past—from the days of reconstruction—see that name, and see it connected with the United States mails. The young man was Foster Blodgett, the son of Bullock's right-hand man, who bore that very name.

With young Foster Blodgett in his cell was another young man of excellent family—Will T. Gause. The charge that appeared on the docket against the young men was that of robbing the United States mails.

Blodgett and United States mails—those names are inseparably linked in Georgia's history. To those who lived in Georgia during reconstruction days it would seem that there was a fatality in it all.

The Cases Against Them. The arrests of the two young men were made yesterday afternoon, as a result of a thorough investigation by the detective department, of a systematic robbing of the mails that had gone on for some time.

Will Gause was arrested just after noon and Foster Blodgett was arrested a few hours later by Detectives Cason and Looney, who worked up the cases, and a better piece of work was never done.

Two days ago Mr. Harry Frank, the ticket scalper, called on Chief of Detectives Wright and reported a mysterious series of robberies of which he was the victim. By these robberies he had suffered financially to the extent of several hundred dollars.

The robberies reported by Mr. Frank were made from his letter box at the postoffice, and this fact made it all the harder of solution. He was unable to understand it. Surely no government official had been bold enough to commit these robberies. It was almost impossible for such a thing to occur without detection.

Did any one have a skeleton key to his letter box? Or were the robberies committed by some one of the clerks in the postoffice? These were the questions that Mr. Frank submitted to the detectives for solution.

For himself he could offer not the slightest clue.

All he could tell was that he had lost and lost heavily by the robberies, and he was anxious that the robberies be traced to a source. After hearing Mr. Frank's story, Chief Wright detailed Detectives Cason and Looney to solve the mystery. These shrewd detectives went to work upon the facts given by Mr. Frank, and they were not long in hitting upon a clue. Once they had a clue, the detectives traced it with such unerring keenness that it was not long before they had fastened the guilt of the several robberies where it belonged.

Two Young Men. Yesterday the two detectives worked like beavers on the case, aided by Captain Wright.

Their work led to the arrest of Will Gause shortly after noon yesterday.

Will Gause is a young man, nineteen years of age, and there is not a better family in the city than that to which he belongs. He has two brothers in the city who are prosperous business men. His mother resides in Baltimore at present.

Young Gause was employed for a long while in Frank's ticket office. Gause was brought to the police station, where he was guarded in the office of the chief of detectives during the afternoon. About 7 o'clock Foster Blodgett was arrested by Detectives Cason and Looney. He was carried to Chief Wright's office, where he was interrogated about the matter. The young man told the entire story, and appeared heartbroken at the termination of the affair.

His distress and penitence were pitiful in the extreme. Young Blodgett is not an employ of the government at all, being only eighteen years of age. His brother, Mr. Ed. F. Blodgett, holds an important position in the mail service here. His elder brother, Mr. John Blodgett, is superintendent of the entire mail service of Alabama.

All are sons of Foster Blodgett, who was Bullock's right hand man in the days just after the war, when Georgia was under carpet bag rule.

Young Blodgett obtained access to the postoffice through the position held by his brother, and no one dreamed of suspicion him of crookedness. The detectives say that the information about the tickets stolen from Frank's box was given to Blodgett by young Gause, who was thoroughly conversant with the business.

The value of the stolen tickets will aggregate several hundred dollars. Every letter stolen contained a railroad ticket, most of them for long distances. These tickets were disposed of by the young men to different parties throughout the country. Tickets were sent to Cincinnati, Council Bluffs, Ia., and other points. The loss to Mr. Frank is considerable, but he is unable to tell the extent of it yet. Both of the young men seemed to be thoroughly heartbroken at their arrest, and sat all last night covered in their hands. They did not care to talk of their trouble at all.

Warrants will be sworn out against both of the young men today.

The young men have hundreds of friends who regret the trouble. The boys are young, and they feel heartily the serious trouble in which they find themselves.

BY A BROTHER'S HAND.

The Grief of a Weeping Mother Bending Over Her Son.

A mother bending over a son bleeding from a stab wound made by his brother.

That was the unusual scene that might have been witnessed at the pavilion at Ponce de Leon springs yesterday afternoon.

As the mother bent over her unconscious boy the tears came into her eyes at the thought of the action of her son.

Yesterday afternoon a difficulty arose between Wade Walker and his partner,

brother, Alex Walker, at their home near Ponce de Leon.

Wade is a young white man about twenty-two years old, and Alex is sixteen.

It seems that Wade asked Alex to carry some wood into the house, which the latter refused to do. From this a quarrel began, and some bad words were said.

Wade became angry at his brother's refusal and harsh words ensued. After the quarrel had gone on for some time he picked up a hoe and started at his brother.

He struck Alex with the hoe and the latter jerked out his pocket knife and started toward his older brother. He brought the knife down with great force, striking his brother in the left shoulder.

The stroke left an ugly and a dangerous wound, two or three inches long, and nearly two inches deep.

Seeing that his brother was badly cut Alex ran off. Wade went into the house, and picking up a shotgun, started after his fleeing brother. But he was too badly hurt and too weak from loss of blood to follow far, and soon had to give up the chase. He fell in a faint near the dancing pavilion at Ponce de Leon springs. He was carried to the pavilion, where surgical aid was given.

His mother, who had witnessed the difficulty and who had followed her two sons, came up and did all in her power to relieve her son's suffering. The wounded boy was taken to his home still unconscious, and his wounds were dressed.

The Walker family lives at the old Ponce de Leon hotel, and the father of the young men is confined to his bed, prostrated at the lamentable occurrence.

The New Adjutant General. Washington, July 2.—The president has decided to appoint Colonel Robert Williams, senior assistant adjutant general, to be adjutant general of the army, vice General J. C. Kellan retired.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

The Original and Genuine (WORCESTERSHIRE) LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

Imports the most delicious taste and best of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GEN- ERAL, at Mad- ras, to his brother at WORCESTER, MAY, 1871.

"Tell LEA & PERRINS that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most whole- some sauce that is made."

Beware of Imitations; see that you get Lea & Perrins' Sauce.

Signature on every bottle of the Original and Genuine, JOHN DUNCAN'S SON, NEW YORK.

The Last Drop Is as good as the first. No dregs. All pure and whole- some. The most popular drink of the day.

Hires' Root Beer. A perfect thirst quencher.

Don't be deceived if a dealer, for the sake of larger profits, tells you some other kind is "just as good"—it is false. No imitation is as good as the genuine Hires'.

The smallest Pill in the World! Provided the great Organs of the body are not irreparably injured, there are few diseases that

TUTT'S Tiny Liver Pills.

It will not cure. By their action the Liver, the Gall-bladder, the Stomach and the Kidneys are brought into harmonious action, and health, vigor of mind and body follow their use. Dose small. Price, 25c. Office, 59 Park Place, N. Y.

LONG BRANCH. HOWLAND HOTEL, SEASON WILL OPEN JUNE 25.

Rates \$4.50 per day and upwards. Rooms to be engaged the first of June. The Hotel is managed by L. A. G. HOWLAND, at the old James Hotel, New York. RICHARD F. GRIFFIN, Proprietor.

